The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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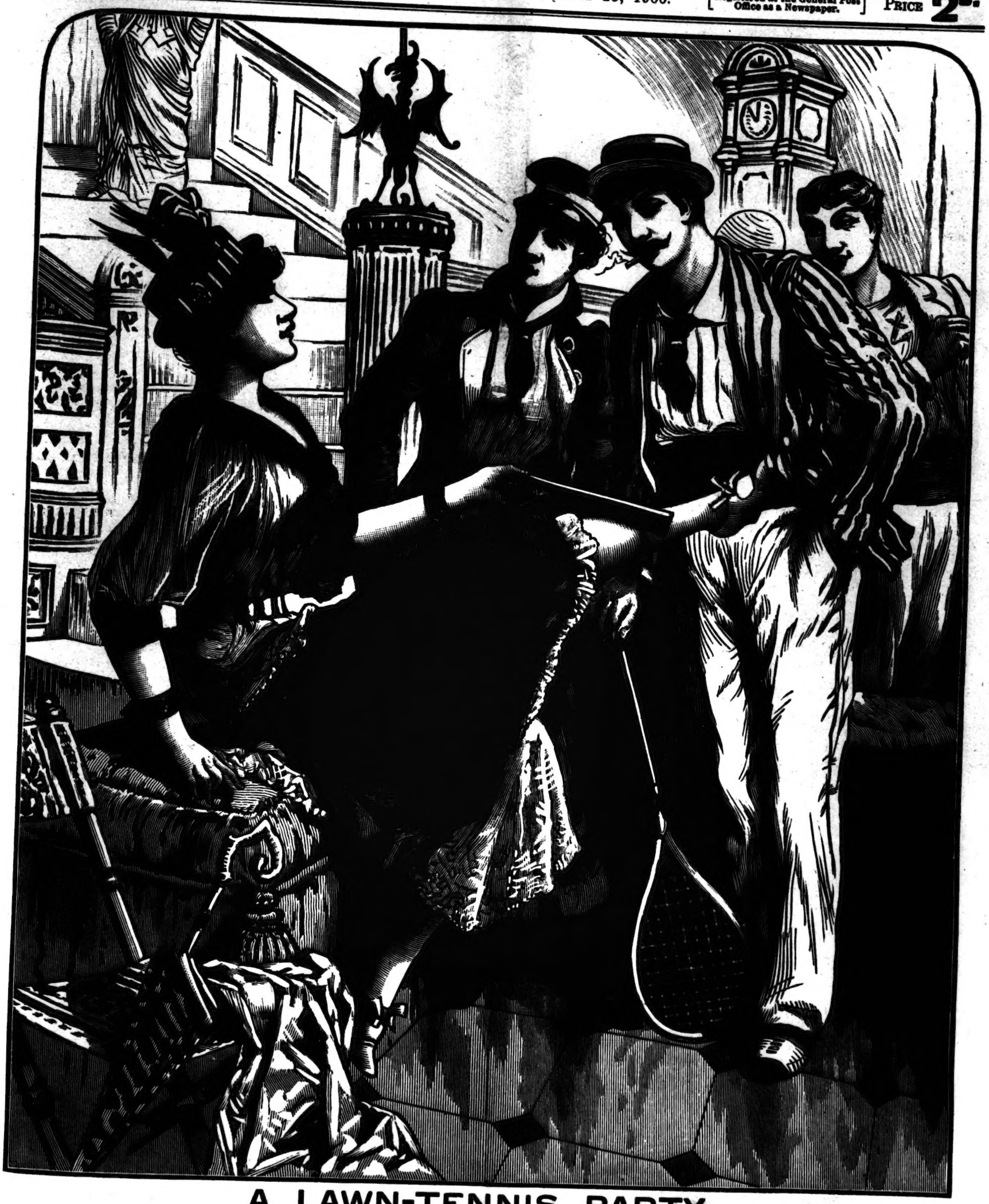

A LAWN-TENNIS PARTY.

Fashionable Beauties and their Cavaliers.

The Mirror of Life

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRESPONDENTS MUST WRITE ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER ONLY, OTHERWISE THEIR COMMUNICATIONS CANNOT BE INSERTED.

All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed to the Editor, and no answers will be sent by post. "THE MIRROR OF LIFE," Ltd., 172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DAVID LEWIS (Lanark).—"Kid" McCoy was knocked out by Jack McCormack on August 18, 1899, but turned the tables on McCormack on September 27. McCoy has not been knocked out by any boxer of the weight you mention (11st 7lb) since he met Jack McDonogh on November 9, 1899. McCoy defeated McDonogh in four rounds.

R. P.—Your statement is not clear.

C. WILDE.—Send photo and record, which will be published in due course.

T. SPENSER.—Yes, the "Cooler" has a thick ear.

F. ARNOLD.—1. Send in your name and record on the printed form. 2. No fee required.

W. C. LINE.—He has an undefeated record up to date.

LENNET (Highley).—Jem Jeffries has never been knocked out.

PUGILIST (Dublin).—1. Dick Burge was easily beaten by "Kid" Lavigne at the National Sporting Club, June 1, 1898, in seventeen rounds. 2. Yes, he was a good runner.

J. H. C.—1. Jem Hall is an Australian. He was born on July 22, 1868. 2. No.

T. CLASPER.—The money betted goes with the stake.

W. WROUGHTON.—1. If you accomplished the mile in the time stated you would do well to train and again test your ability. 2. Have a good timekeeper.

B. B.—1. The bet would be off. 2. No.

A. M. K.—1. It was not a contest proper, and ended in a draw. 2. It was said no decision would be given.

C. GRAY.—Two only.

W. GARDNER.—1. Yes, several have tried and failed. the American Peter McNally nearly accomplished it. 2. Fifteen hours ten minutes.

A. HILL.—1. He is coloured. 2. About 5ft 6in.

C. NEWMAN. - Rowley, at Alexandra Park and Liverpool.

B. KIRK.—We have not the address.

G. FELT.—Never fought for the world's championship.

T. H. L.—Not without he posted a forfeit.

C. BEEKMAN.—The track should be measured from the inside.

T. W. ROSE.—Isinglass.

G. SELLEW.—During the season on Monday evenings.

B. L.—H. Ware won in nineteen rounds.

H. T. CURTIS.—They are handicapped according to weight.

INQUIRER.—1. The contest would be for eight picked men. 2. Weigh at the time of selection. 3. You would be rejected.

H. (of Perth).—1. £25 a-side. 2. Sheffield.

D. O.—1. Stanbury won. 2. Thames.

SUBSCRIBER.—The money would be on the first time the horse started.

M. N. O.—He has never been defeated.

C. L. LEACH.—Tom Sayers died in 1865.

J. PERKINS.—1. Not off the same mark. 2. Ten yards start.

G. HAMILTON.—No decision was given.

H. D.—He arrived in this country last week.

C. C. L.—1. He is an Australian. 2. They are not brothers.

GASSIE.—J. L. Sullivan was never champion of the world.

KEELAN.—If a man is on one knee it is foul to hit him in that position.

H. C. GREEN.—Yes, you are allowed to deal two cards at a time.

(Several Answers crowded out).

THE BOXER AND THE PUG.

TERRY McGOVERN v. FRANK ERNE.

FITZSIMMONS LEAPS INTO THE BREACH TO FIGHT GUS RUHLIN.

HIS PROMPTITUDE IN FIXING THE TIME.

HOW STEVE O'DONNELL MADE A FOOLISH MATCH, AND INVITED HIS PUPILS TO SEE HIM BEATEN.

WAS THE CONTEST FIXED UP FOR STEVE?

THERE were strong men before Agamemnon, and Terry McGovern, the star performer in the pugilistic line, of America, is not the first of his breed. We give the dimensions of Jemmy Massey as chronicled by "Fistiana," and when we say that Jemmy fought such men as Jerry Noon, Bill Hayes (who fought one of the longest fights on record with a heavy light weight), Jemmy Welsh, Dan McNulty, Patsy Clay, Enoch Horridge, Young Reed, and dozens of others—men standing six inches taller, and stones heavier than himself — it will be seen that pugilistic history is repeating itself, and the Jemmy Massey strain is exemplified in the present-day fighter, not boxer, Terry McGovern. Pugilistic history sayeth Jemmy Massey, weight 8st 4lb, height 5ft 3in, was born in 1824. Like the present bantam champion, Terry McGovern, Massey went a long way out of his weight to meet the ring's most accomplished boxers, Jerry Noon and Bill Hayes, both pugilists standing as nearly as possible 5ft 9in. Like Terry McGovern, Jemmy Massey had such punching power that his sobriquet in the prize ring was "The Stunted Lifeguardsman," and such a despiser of size was Jemmy that on one occasion he set about burly Ben Caunt in his own house (the Coach and Horses, St. Martin's Lane); and one of the biggest men who has won honours in the prize ring made the affair farcical by applying to the magistrate at Bow Street for a warrant against the "Stunted Lifeguardsman." Knowing this particular breed of fighters, we were not at all surprised at Terry making a mess of the glove boxer, Frank Erne. We have had men of the Frank Erne stamp in this country who in an engagement with the gloves could make muffs of champions; but when fighting began in earnest they were floored like skittles, for a *tapper* never, when fighting, comes on the board in the same class with the *puncher*. We said, in discounting the merits of the men, that the McGovernites would not be surprised if McGovern beat Erne; but they would be surprised if Erne beat McGovern. Erne's belief in his own ability a bit steadied the betting. The modest confidence that some persons assume, not only in the boxing but in other lines, induces a belief in the ability of the most arrant impostor, and they are taken by persons who ought to know better at the impostor's own valuation. We do not say that Frank Erne is an impostor; but he had never before tasted the quality of a real fighting man, and in his boastings prior to the fight of "making a monkey of Terry McGovern," with other things to follow, he reminded us of the conduct of Joe Goss in years gone by prior to his fight with Jem Mace in the sixteen foot ring. Joe was defeated with "orful slorter," to take a phrase from our South African campaign, in fifteen minutes, yet prior to the fight Joe, in imagination and in information to his friends, had simply walked in and punched the life out of the "Old 'Un," for Jem Mace, who now attends all the race meetings, was "The Old 'Un" five and thirty years or more ago. "Don't prophecy without you know," was one of the wise sayings and saws of a real humorist (not the counterfeit article of the present day), Artemus Ward, and when, after less than three rounds of fighting, which Erne never before understood, and hardly understands now, the genteel boxer presented the appearance of a rat chawed up by a terrier, the recollection of his prophecies of what he would do with the overrated Sucker must have made him (Erne) feel as much humiliated as his defeat. What more sorry picture could a self-conceited and convicted impostor have shown than this? "His nose was split and broken, his face was covered with blood, and the internal bleeding was choking him. And halfway through the round he threw up the sponge, all this in less than three rounds, leaving McGovern without a scratch." Such is the picture drawn in a brief cablegram by our artist at the "fite." McGovern, like Jemmy Massey, possesses the compound essence of strength. Terry can afford to do what other boxers of the hurricane order cannot when dealing with a scientific fighter. McGovern does not waste his time sparring for an opening, but he forces the fighting at once, and following a short swinging left he used the right with such deadly effect that Erne, after two minutes' hard fighting, was completely helpless, and to make his helplessness more pronounced he was getting out of the way of McGovern's determined punches by embracing Terry as ardently as a devoted lover would his mistress. What boxer not possessing Terry's wonderful physique could, in the language of the boxing fraternity, "chance his right so effectually as Terry." This chancing the right with a clever boxer like Frank Erne is usually fatal; but this compound essence of strength by sheer aggressiveness sets the ordinary laws of boxing at defiance, and Terry, the rude, untutored, untrained fighter made Frank Erne, the skilled professor of boxing, "Look like a monkey.' Fighters of the looking-glass order get home, and their getting home is very effectual when they are boxing for points; but when t'other side is a strong, get-in-at-any-cost-fighter, the punch which comes from shoulder power makes the boxer of the showy order squirm. It was a few punches of this description that made Frank Erne demoralised. The bigger man absolutely forgot his science when Terry, in his aggressiveness, left repeated openings, and his blows were so palpably weak that they were hardly felt by the bantam, who was doing all the serious work. How often men of the conceited order undertake jobs where better men have failed; but such is the belief of these men in themselves that these really good men who have failed are, in their imagination, "duffs." Had Erne made a match to fight Terry to a finish his defeat in three rounds would not have been so drastic, but to make a match to knock out a little man who has never yet suffered the order of the knock in ten rounds or stand to lose the battle showed that Mr. Frank Erne is as chockful of self-confidence as an egg is said to be full of meat, and his fall in the eyes of the pugilistic world has been as great as that of Lucifer. Next week we shall give our readers the full, true and particular accounts of this remarkable boxing match from our own correspondent at the ring-side, together with the opinions of those boxing Solomons who always set in judgment in contests where good mon travel through the mill.

Those champions who are now bidding for the honour of a "go" with the new star in the pugilistic firmament have some reason for their desire to be on first. When great things were not anticipated from Madden's big 'un the share of the gate divided between the contestants was nearly two thousand pounds, and Sharkey's losing end was much greater than many championship wins. If then, as a comparatively unknown man—a man of undiscovered championship form—the gate was so large between Gus Ruhlin and Tom Sharkey, what would be the value of a contest between those prime big 'uns, Jem Jeffries and Gus Ruhlin, or going lower in the scale of championships, Fitzsimmons and the boxer of the hour? There is a curious resemblance between the contest Sharkey v. Ruhlin and the contest Erne v. McGovern. Both Sharkey and Erne were opinionated enough to believe they had a walk over, and had already banked the shekels resulting from a successful contest, and both found that the niche in fame and the niche in the banking account had not realised their anticipations. Tom Sharkey does not appear over anxious to visit his old father in the North of Ireland while there is "fite" about in the States and money to be made out of it. Last Christmas Tom was said to have taken his return ticket to the land of his birth, not like a prodigal son, but as a prosperous scion of the house of Sharkey. We hope the brass instruments which were requisitioned to play "The Return of the Wanderer," are still in evidence, for Sharkey, failing a return match with Ruhlin, will cross over to Ireland at an early date in order to pay his parents a visit. We suppose when Tom Sharkey does arrive at Dundalk it will be a case of "Sir" Daniel Donnelly over again; but we hope the hardy tar will not succumb to the "lushins" of whisky which will be ladled out on this auspicious occasion.

Failing Jem Jeffries, the articles for a contest between the "Akron Giant" and Fitzsimmons were fixed up in a most harmonious manner. In fact Fitzsimmons must have been preparing himself in advance for this or some other contest; for when Billy Madden, Gus Ruhlin's manager, after arranging preliminaries, asked Bob when he wanted to fight, Fitz replied, sans besitation or trite expostulation "Three weeks time will suit me." Now most champions when engaging in a championship fight require a far longer period than three weeks. They want time to do a lot of fighting in the newspapers. They want to be interviewed respecting their "prospects in the coming fite." They star the country and make money, and when they have drawn the last dollar from the pockets of a benevolent public, it is then, and then only, that they think about selecting a place in which to train for the fight. We think Fitz must be just about fit. The man who took eighteen months to train, talk, to be wrote about and interviewed prior to his fight with Jem Corbett, absolutely knocks us when, without any beating about the bush, he states his readiness to be fit for the fray in three weeks, and when August 10 was selected then came the most important portion of the business, the cutting up of the gate receipts, for the club which will give the largest purse will have the first consideration. Fitzsimmons has fallen just a bit from his pedestal. When Bob was the great Fitzsimmons and Jem Jeffries was honoured with his notice, the ex-farrier stipulated *win or lose* for sixty-five per cent; of the purse money. Times have changed since this arrogant stipulation. The mighty has fallen in the scale of pugilists. Fitz is no longer champion, so that he cannot demand terms worthy of Bismarck from M. Thiers. As far as the gate is concerned Fitz will get sixty-five per cent. if he wins; but on this occasion he will have to win, and to us at the present time the fisting of the sixty-five per cent. on the part of Fitzsimmons appears very problematical. There is a vast difference between sixty-five per cent. certain and twenty-five per cent., for the latter is the losing end of the purse in the ensuing match, Gus Ruhlin v. Bob Fitzsimmons. Should Bob Fitzsimmons be so unfortunate as to be unable to raise himself once more on the proud pedestal of "World's championship," twenty-five per cent. of the purse money for a fight between such good and true men as Gus Ruhlin and Fitzsimmons will be no inconsiderable sum. This encounter between a middle-weight and a heavy-weight will savour more of the Tom Sayers and Heenan contest, when the former, little more than a middle-weight, fought the gigantic Benecia boy, who in trained condition weighed 14st of brawn, bone, sinew, and muscle.

One of the most decent American boxers who ever visited these shores is the big, genial-hearted Irishman, Steve O'Donnell. Steve came over here with, or at the same time, as Billy Madden, and we believe Steve O'Donnell and Billy Madden were the guests of "Pony" Moore at Moore House, Finchley, through Pony's son-in-law Mitchell. Steve O'Donnell met Owen Sullivan, a good-hearted Irish pugilistic eccentric, at the National when there was a most remarkable count out. "Owny," as his friends love to call him, was on his knees counting his own time. Sullivan knew the difference between Irish miles and English ones, and he gave his seconds a bit of the same latitude. Just as "Owny" had counted seven and was congratulating himself on the fact that he had three more seconds in which to rise, Mr. Jack Angle, the referee, called time. "Owny" had been a bit too previous. That "little knowledge" had been the "dangerous thing" which caused his downfall. We were reminded of "Owny" and "Stevey" on the latter's downfall with Peter Maher. Peter may be on the down

line, but he even in his present state is far too large an order for O'Donnell to execute. O'Donnell was in a bit of a funk when he thought he was to be the second man after Bob Armstrong to meet Jem Jeffries, but the condition "Stevey" was in when he entered the ring to meet "Payter" is best described as "blue funk." Under these circumstances Maher landed when and where he pleased. It was the easiest thing in the world for Maher, and the most humiliating for Steve O'Donnell. For there to witness their instructor's victory—not his defeat—mustered strongly his pupils from Harvard College, where Steve O'Donnell is now, or was, teaching the students. Instead of the expected victory Steve was defeated and knocked out in 1min 48sec. Well might O'Donnell's pupils exclaim, in the language of Shakespeare:—

But yesterday the name of Cæsar would have
stood against the world:
Now lies he there, and none so poor as e'en
would do him honour.

With so much at stake it passes our comprehension how O'Donnell came to make this match. Was this to be a triumphal show before his pupils, and "Payter" to go down, or did "Payter" put the double on the great "O"? "O" now stands for nothing.

MARRIED AT THE FURNITURE SHOP.

An Enterprising Tradesman's New Form of Advertising.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A NOVEL form of advertising was hit upon by a furniture dealer to gather a crowd and set the tongues wagging in his neighbourhood. A notice was sent round intimating that any couple who would get married at his establishment on the morning of June 23 would receive as a gift a suite of bed-room furniture. When it became known that a couple intended to present themselves for the ceremony and gift people flocked from everywhere, and by the time the bridal party appeared hundreds of curious spectators lined the road and stood watching through the windows while the clergyman united the pair, who drove off amidst a volley of applause and laughter.

A SCANDAL CONCERNING TWO SISTERS.

Jealous Feelings Lead to a Horse-Whipping.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IN every land love and jealousy is exactly the same as in Old England. Two French Canadians, they were ladies, one Marie, the other Blanche—sisters—until a few days previously had never had an angry word. A wealthy young farmer had been paying some attention to both girls, in fact, each thought the other an interloper, and at last from ugly looks and words they came to blows. It was Marie, the elder of the twain, who, with a riding-whip, struck Blanche several sharp cuts, and to add to the indignity it was accomplished in public, where the gentleman in blue for once was in evidence and restrained the jealous girl from further acts of violence.

OUR LETTER BOX.

LETTERS are lying at our office for:—
Bobby Dobbs (three).
Sam Fitzpatrick.
Frank Kempton.
J. W. Abbott.
"Dido" Plumb.
F. Leon (two).
Dick Jordan.
P. J. King.
George Slark.
R. H. Page.
Driver Pincher.
A. McDonald.
Jem Hall.
"Greek" George.
Jack O'Donnell.
Billy Ross.
Jack Scales.
J. F. White (three).
Charles Mitchell (English champion boxer).
George Fox Giles (of America or Australia).
C. McCoy.
Robert Fitzsimmons (middle-weight champion of the world).
Ted Wakeham,
Claude Thompson.
Billy Plimmer.
Jem Holloway (of South Africa).
Alec Hurley.
P. Gorman.
J. Corbett.
Ernie Greaves.
H. Chance Newton.

TOM RILEY, OF BELFAST, NOW OF Spennymoor, would like to box Dick Johnson, of Newcastle, or Tommy Lancaster, of Spennymoor, 15 three-minute rounds, if Mr. James Lowes, of Newcastle, will give a purse.

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

EDITOR, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

NEW YORK, July 14, 1900.

AT least two great heavy-weight battles will be decided in this State before the Horton law expires on September 1. Bob Fitzsimmons, the one-time champion, will figure in both events. The Cornishman will meet Gus Ruhlin, the "Akron Giant," on August 10 in a limited round bout before the club offering the best inducements, and whether successful or not in this battle, he will tackle his old-time rival, Thomas Sharkey, on August 25. Fitzsimmons and Ruhlin met by appointment, prepared for business, and after a brief conference regarding details and conditions, articles of agreement were drawn up and signed. Tom Sharkey was also on hand with his spokesman, Tom O'Rourke. Many did not know what brought the sailor to the conference, but his manager had an eye to the possible fluke, which would leave Sharkey the only available aspirant. This was not to be, but Sharkey succeeded in clinching a match with the lanky Australian. Nevertheless, the Sailor and Fitzsimmons had talked it over early in the afternoon, and scarcely had the ink dried on the Ruhlin agreement when Fitzsimmons reached out his brawny right, and, seizing a pen, wrote his signature under that of Sharkey. Sharkey, of course, wanted another go with Ruhlin, but in selecting "Fitz" as his next opponent, he possibly picks the Cornishman to vanquish his conqueror when they come together. The Ruhlin-Fitzsimmons affair, acording to the articles, will be fought under Marquis of Queensberry rules, as interpreted by the referee. Charley White will referee, and Harry Beecher was selected as final stakeholder. The bout will be limited to twenty-five rounds, and soft bandages will be worn by the principals. In fact, everything was decided upon except the selection of a battle ground. In the Ruhlin-Fitzsimmons agreement a proviso was made whereby both fighters are prohibited from taking part in any boxing contest until after August 10. This was suggested by Madden, to prevent Fitzsimmons fighting anyone in the meantime. It will be remembered that when Fitzsimmons and Ruhlin were scheduled to fight several weeks ago "Lanky" Bob injured his hand in a bout with Ed. Dunkhorst, and was compelled to declare the Ruhlin bout off. All the forfeits in connection with the encounters arranged between Bob Fitzsimmons and Gus Ruhlin and Tom Sharkey and Fitz were posted yesterday. The money involved is $10,000. Of this sum Fitz deposited $2,500 for each match. Ruhlin put up $2,500, and Sharkey handed the stakeholder a similar amount. The pugilists will get down to work at once. The sports consider the two matches very important, as these will be the last heavy-weight combats to be decided in this State before the Horton law is abolished. Bob Fitzsimmons will begin training at once for his fight with Gus Ruhlin, and his second meeting with Sharkey. "I am in better health now than I have ever enjoyed," says Fitz. "My hands are in first-class shape. I feel that I could lick all the heavy-weights now before the public and regain the championship. My training will be done at Bergen Beach." Ruhlin will begin training next week, doing most of his indoor training at Bath Beach. "I am glad I am to tackle Fitz," says the "Akron Giant," "but I would rather have Jeffries for an opponent and get a try for that championship. I know Fitz is a hard puncher and very clever, but I think I stand a good show of beating him." Shrewd pugilistic experts say that Bill Hanrahan will be the middle-weight champion within a year. Since he graduated from the amateur ranks, after winning the championship there, he has fought some terrific battles to gain recognition, and is rapidly nearing the point where he can be regarded as a legitimate opponent for anybody in the middle-weight division. He fought Jack Bonner at the Broadway Athletic Club last night to a standstill. Hanrahan gave Tommy West a beating at Coney Island a few weeks ago, from the effects of which the latter has not yet recovered. In that fight he demonstrated that he is cast in the champion's mould, and experience and ring knowledge are the only things essential to his development. He has all the qualifications for a first-class pugilist — gameness, strength, and natural fighting ability, and gives evidence of becoming in time a great fighter. Sam Fitzpatrick, whose judgment regarding fighters nobody can dispute, has taken him in charge, and intends fighting him against "Dido" Plumb in England. Bonner, next to "Kid" McCoy, is the most prominent middle-weight pugilist in the East. He is a good, hard, aggressive fighter, who can take punishment, and give plenty of it in return. Before the Eureka Athletic Club, Baltimore, Thursday night, Joe Gans knocked out Whitey Lester, of New York, in the fourth round of what was to be a twenty-round bout. The end came quick and unexpected. A body punch did the business. The agreement of the fight was that Lester was to stay ten rounds to get any of the purse, and for every round over ten Gans was to forfeit $50, and for every round under ten that he failed to stay Lester forfeited $25. Lester put up a good fight as long as it lasted, but Gans was at no time in any serious danger.

Jack Root won the decision over Dick O'Brien at Tattersall's, Chicago, last Monday night, after having been knocked down four times in the second round. Root tried to finish O'Brien in a hurry, discarding all science, with the result that O'Brien landed a lucky punch to the point of the jaw. After this Jack was more cautious, and in the third and fourth rounds knocked O'Brien down repeatedly, the bell saving him in each round. The fifth and sixth were also very fast, and slightly in Root's favour. George Siler was referee. Eddie Santry gained a decision on points over Oscar Gardner at Kansas City last night, thus regaining whatever reputation he lost when the two feather-weights met before. About the middle of the fight Gardner received a jolt that bruised his left eye, while Santry went through without a scratch. Toward the end both men were tired, but the last round was fairly fast. Referee Siler's decision in giving the fight to Santry on points met with no kick from Gardner, who declared the Chicago man easily outpointed him. Jimmy Barry, the retired bantam, who came to this city two weeks ago for the purpose of fighting Tommy Feltz, has called the fight off, declaring he will never fight again. Barry told me last night that he had intended to fight again, but that when he went into a gymnasium it made him think of the time he killed Walter Croot in London. That unfortunate accident has completely shattered Barry's nerves. He will start for Chicago next Friday. "Kid" McCoy is getting the money these days, but not by knocking out fellow members of the fighting profession. The "Kid" is following an easier game. He is making a book on the races at the Brighton track, and up to date has been very lucky in getting much of the public's money. The "Kid" may fight again, but he's in no hurry as long as his present pursuit holds good. Sam Harris, manager of Terry McGovern, is another one connected with pugilism who hopes to get money out of horses. He intends to own a stable, and has purchased three yearlings and a two-year-old. The invasion of the turf by pugilists and their managers may be attributed to the death of their own game, which eashes in September 1. Eddie Currie, another East Side feather-weight, has made arrangements to return to the ring. Currie wants to fight Ben Jordan again, and is willing to go to England and meet the Englishman in his own balliwick if necessary. At Stroudsberg, Pa., Thomas Kitson, a widely-known woollen manufacturer, whose reputation extended to the Old World, was buried last week. Mr. Kitson gained fame for a feat which gave to the world a record of speed and workmanship in the textile industry. In the amazing time of six hours and four minutes, the fleece of six sheep was transformed into a finished suit of up-to-date clothing worn by Mr. Kitson. The previous world's record of this kind was held by a mill at Galashiels, Scotland, and was eight hours. At the Scotland trial, however, only one kind of wool was used, whereas in the Kitson trial there was a mixture of 20 per cent. white and 40 per cent. black, making altogether a better cloth, and giving a distinct plaid pattern. At half past six on the morning of May 18, 1898, six sheep were shorn by half a dozen experienced shearers, who soon had the raw material off the animals and in the hands of the wool sorter. After this process it was scoured, dyed, dried, placed upon the picker, carded and prepared for spinning. It was then spooled, dressed, and handed in, reeded, and finally woven. Under the watchful eye of the boss weaver, the cloth came quickly from the loom, and was then passed into the finishing room, where it went respectively through the process of fulling, washing, extracting, drying, shearing, pressing, and general finishing. All in all, the cloth was subjected to eighteen processes of manufacture before reaching the tailor's hands. At about ten o'clock the cloth was given to the tailors, who, in the short time of two and one half hours, had the finished suit, with every button in its place, and fit, style, and workmanship of the highest order, at the residence of Mr. Kitson. A few minutes later he received the hearty congratulations of his many friends. John J McCafferty is the latest turf man booked for England. McCafferty, however, will take no horses. He contemplates a flying trip of a week or so just to see his old friends, and take a look at the English game.

THE TATTLER.

LOST AND FOUND.

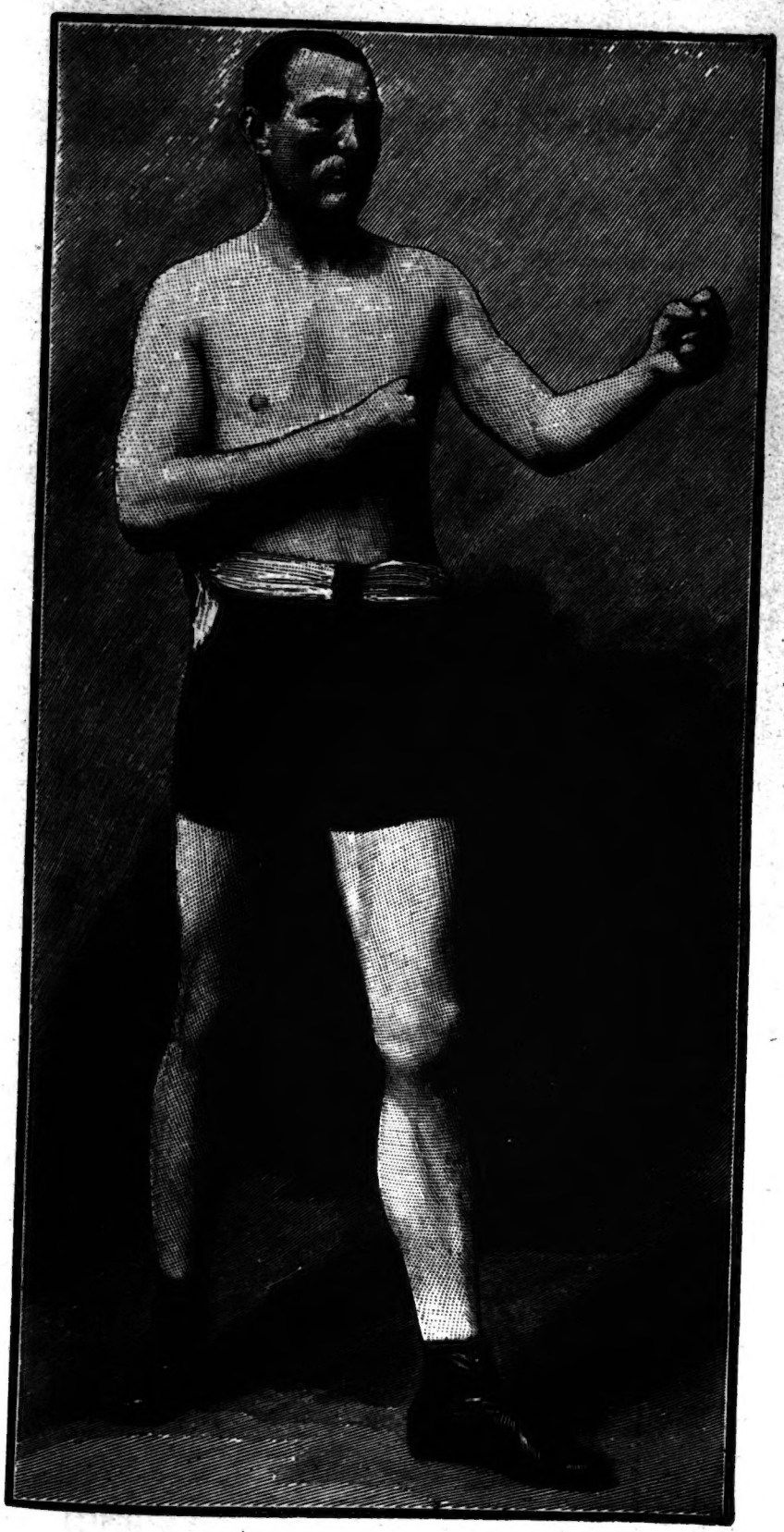
"I CALLED in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. He thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so:" "No," said she, "and. I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]

MISS DAISY JAMES,
A Charming Young Actress who has a Capital Repertoire.

GEORGE MILLAR,
A Successful Athlete and Pedestrian who Hails from Paisley.

A SCANDAL CONCERNING TWO SISTERS.
Jealous Feelings Lead to a Horse Whipping.

EVICTED FROM THE DEMOLISHED SLUMS.
The Poor Stick to the House as Long as Possible.



STEVE O'DONNELL,
Of Australia, Recently Beaten by Peter Maher in One Round at the Broadway Athletic Club, New York.

MARRIED AT THE FURNITURE SHOP.
An Enterprising Tradesman's New Form of Advertising.

THE CHAMPION GARDEN PARTY of the Season.—The Rothschilds of the clothing world are those gentlemen whose fame, as the largest outfitters in almost the whole of the world, will go down to posterity as S. Schneiders and Sons. From small beginnings the firm has been enlarged so many times that now anyone could lose themselves in the mazes of their business premises. These are situated in Durward Street, Whitechapel, and cover an immense area, and almost every day alterations are being made to further increase the comfort of the employees. The clothing portion of the business a few years ago was under the control of Mr. Lew and Mr. Henry, but with the arrival of the loved member of the firm (Mr. Gershan) from that portion of Greater Britain far down at the bottom of the globe, they launched out in the commercial undertaking to a far greater extent than formerly. The large piece of ground that was vacant by the side of the cap factory opposite the London Hospital was taken, and a massive building was put in existence. At this time the employees of the firm numbered about 1,000, but the strides they have put forward in various directions have now caused the many funds and institutions belonging to the employees to hold a footing equal to the best of its kind. The increase in the business will be easily seen when we say that in one way and another over 6,000 persons get a living through the firm. With the advent of larger premises, new blood was also infused into the management of the various departments, the younger generation of Schneiders doing their utmost to make the firm what it really is, the foremost in the clothing world. Branches of the firm are to be found in every part of the globe, and with the arrival of better times in South Africa, the department relating to that colony is bound to be enlarged out of all previous dimensions. Instead of an outing the members of the House Sick Fund decided to enjoy themselves and also increase their balance-sheet by an al fresco concert and dance. This took place last Saturday, the rendezvous being The Eagles, in Hackney. Granted fine weather, the picnic was bound to be a success; but it absolutely surpassed the expectations of the most devoted worker in the cause, as hundreds besides the employés of the firm sought relief from the tropical heat of the London streets, preferring an outing where they could catch the gentle breezes, amidst the luxuriant foliage, and where the wind gently murmured in the course of its passage through the many leafy bowers that are in the grounds. In spite of the tropical heat many waited patiently in the burning sun along the street and pavement, waiting for the doors to be opened, while all the available windows in the vicinity were full of spectators, with innumerable cameras set up in all directions, ready for snap shots of those who entered. The interior was a charming bower of roses—red, white, crimson, &c.—sweet-smelling lilies, while ferns and palms were to be seen in all directions. The very air was heavy with the perfume of flowers, that hung in rich clusters everywhere, and it was noticeable that nearly everyone present wore the sweet smelling emblems of the season. The heat was terrific, and it seemed as if one was, by a wave of the magician's wand, transferred to the tropics, where the sun is ever sending down its rays with striking force, but all around were ices that cooled the heated brow, and made even the dancing enjoyable. At this season of the year we are pestered with many things we could willingly dispense with, but at many resorts the great want, "ice cream," never a splinter comes. We do not refer to the poisonous stuff that is sold in the London streets, but to the genuine material, that being made of milk, eggs, sugar, vanilla, &c., only refresh the body and allow vigorous action in this hot weather We recommended the neapolitan ices of Messrs. Israel and Abrahams last week, and they received a large order for this garden party, and their ices surpassed all expectations. By six o'clock everything was in full swing A band of over twenty started the entertainment with a splendid overture. The dance programme was interlaced with the al fresco concert during the early portion of the evening, but exponents of the terpsichorean art carried all before them at the close. Messrs. Isaacs, Schmolian, and Shine acted as M.C.'s in an efficient manner, while a strong committee saw that order was kept Not the slightest hitch occurred, and without the display of anything but good fellowship a pleasant evening was enjoyed by all. The concert was placed under the direction of Messrs. A. Arcot and J. P. Ansell, and their motto, "Quality, not quantity," was certainly a good one. Miss Alice Schneiders is a young lady whose vocal efforts have been restricted so far to the concert hall, charity having always the first claim; but we venture to prophecy a brilliant future for this talented young lady. The cheers that greeted her at the close made the grounds resound again, but the cheers were only her just due. J. P. Ansell, if it were possible, added to fame, his rendering of "Come Into the Garden, Maud" gaining him a recall even after an encore had been sung. Miss Julia Ascott, the brilliant star, Miss Sophie Baruch, Mr. Charles Clifton, Mr. Edward Gilbey, and Brothers Balston all added their turns and made the concert a gratifying success. Amidst the brilliant company present it was hard to find the belle, but an old saying "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most," gained the honours for Miss Bird, a young lady in the machinists' room in the cap factory. Two fair young ladies whom a well-known pianist was busy making love to ran close up, but Miss Bird looked above them all, as with a regal look she, with some friends, went round the grounds. We envied Marks, as before dancing started he had a turn to the overture across the lawn first with one and then the other, and we thought of the young ladies "how happy I could be with either." After the gardens had been illuminated by nearly 2,500 fairy lights, Japanese lanterns, and powerful searchlights, there was, about 10.45 p.m., a balloon ascent and display of fireworks, and shortly afterwards "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the Queen" brought a pleasant outing to an end.

BAGATELLE IN BETHNAL GREEN.—The tournament that is proceeding at the Gosset Arms in this neighbourhood of the Fancy causes considerable excitement, as there were nearly three score of entries to compete for the trophies that the well-known amateur photographer, Harry Dixon Leigh, generously presented. Despite the weather (there are grumblers who sometimes say it is too hot, at other times too cold) a very large assembly of sports greeted every heat with the applause it deserved. The players who trusted to chance and hit them up came in for the usual outburst of feeling, as well as the rounds of laughter that greeted their performance. Scientific exponents of the ivories and cue caused considerable commotion, the play being well worth seeing, cush shots for the 9 hole showing considerable practice and skill, while the 8 and 7 holes also caused some brilliant play. In breaking off cleverness s required, but generally a score (8 and 2 or 7 and 3 holes) was gained by the player, though the scores nearly always played for by professionals are the 7 and 8, equal when got to 30. Details: Mr. C. Doe beat Mr. Shepherd.—Some brilliant strokes were to be seen in this heat, some grand shots from the top cush for the 9 hole being applauded as they deserved, the game at one time being called 127 to 60 in Shepherd's favour, but playing brilliantly, Mr. Doe ultimately won by the narrow margin by 5 points. Mr. Boxer beat Mr. H. Dixon Leigh.—This proved a very interesting display, Mr. Leigh giving his opponent several opportunities, of which full advantage was taken, and eventually Boxer won by a few notches. Mr. Parina beat Mr. Hill.—Both trusted to luck and chance favoured them. There being nine holes on the board, the balls generally went into one, and a peculiar game resulted. After having the best of some lucky shots Parina got first past the post. G. Leigh beat old Joe Smith.—This was a very amusing game, 6 to 4 being offered on Old Joe, but too soon the odds changed, as Leigh ran away with a lead of 37. It was now odds on Leigh, and never giving his rival an opportunity ran towards the goal, and won by over 80. Mr. H. Hawes beat Mr. McCann.—These two players are very level and the game fluctuated in favour of both, each in turn being in front, but eventually in breaking off Mr. Hawes toed the line, and making a fine break won by 20. W. Trinaman beat H. Dibbley.—The first named took the lead and qualified for the second round by about 30. Mr. Fulcher beat Mr. White. This proved the most exciting game yet played, only a few points separating them throughout, breaks of 40 by White being more than equalled by Fulcher and vice versa. To the end they kept close company, 8 separating them at the close, and Fulcher won. The second series commenced last Monday, and full details of the heats will appear in next week's edition of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

GORING AND STREATLEY REGATTA.—This pleasant gathering was held on Saturday, and was well attended by the London and local clubs. The most important events resulted as follows:—Challenge Eights: London R.C. (Mercer, Lowe, Maxwell-Lyte, Souttar, Frazer, Western, Knight, R. S rier, stroke, and C. H. Boyton, cox) beat Thames R.C. in the final heat by a few feet. The Junior-Senior Eights went to the Royal School of Mines R.C. (Sharp, Goldie, Nicholson, Twite, Blatchford, Hibbert, S. Jameson, R. Gillespie, stroke, and J. Jameson, cox) by a length and a half from Twickenham. In the Junior-Senior Fours, Thorn, Levy, Stout, and Davis, of the London R.C., rowed over for the final heat, Thames R.C. being absent. The Challenge Fours was an easy win for Fieldhead R.C. (Pitman, Taylor, Lohmann, and Goldie) from London R.C. In the Challenge Pairs Pitman and Goldie, of the Fieldhead R.C., beat Mellor and Rixon, of the Thames R.C.; the Senior Sculls were taken by Boyton, of the London R.C.; and the Juniors by J. H. Poynder. The Double Sculls Skiff Race fell to Everitt and Thompson, Miss Ford (cox) from the Hallett's, Greenwood (cox); and the Dongola Race to Miss F. Turner's crew from Miss G. Baker's.

THE WINGFIELD SCULLS.—THE preliminary heat for this event, which carries with it the amateur championship of the Thames, took place last Wednesday over the usual course between Putney and Mortlake. Three men sent in their names, and the winner met the holder, B. H. Howell, on Friday last over the same course. The race ended as follows: C. V. Fox, Guards Brigade, first; St. George Ashe, Thames R.C., second; and H. T. Blackstaffe, Vesta R.C, third. At a quarter to six the men were sent off, but owing to some cause Ashe went overboard. After a slight delay, however, he pluckily regained his craft, and created some surprise by rowing so well. Fox went away with the lead, and at the Thames boathouse was two lengths in front, but Blackstaffe, who was on the Surrey shore, spurted, and shooting Hammersmith Bridge in 9min 56sec was then just about half a length to the good. Going on towards Chiswick Eyot Fox went ahead, but Blackstaffe overhauled him, and the pair clashed oars, but the Vesta man did not claim a foul, though Fox was decidedly in the wrong. Soon after going through Barnes Bridge Ashe spurted, and passed Blackstaffe, but Fox won easily by ten lengths. Time, 23min 15sec. The final heat for the Wingfield Sculls was rowed on Friday over the championship course, Putney to Mortlake. On Wednesday C. V. Fox, Guards' Brigade R.C., easily won the first heat, beating St. George Ashe and H. T. Blackstaffe, and therefore became entitled to row the holder, B. H. Howell, for the final. Since the Diamonds, when he broke down, Howell had been rowing very well, and it was expected that he would again defeat Fox. The latter, however, easily held the ex-champion all the way, and won in the record time of 22min 54sec. Result:—

C. V. Fox, Guards' Brigade R.C. ... 1
B. H. Howell, Thames R.C. 2

Howell got best away, and led for about a hundred yards, rowing 30 to Fox's 29. There was very little between them at the mile, reached by Howell half a length ahead in 5min 11sec. Opposite Walden's Wharf he tried to take Fox's water, and a foul ensued, Fox being clear throughout. When they resumed rowing Fox went away with a clear lead, and passed Hammersmith Bridge in 8min 56sec, being then five lengths ahead. So far as positions were concerned there was no further change, the times of the leader being: Chiswick Church, 14min 15sec; Barnes Railway Bridge, 17min 14sec; and finish, 22min 54sec, Howell, dead beaten, being ten lengths behind.

THE TRAINER OF THE EQUINE Champion, Diamond Jubilee.—The material that Richard Marsh found himself called upon to work in March was an eccentric animal who had shown first-class form in private as a two-year-old and third-rate form in public, and he got him fit to run in the Two Thousand on May 2, and he won it. Then followed in rapid succession the Newmarket Stakes, the Derby, the Princess of Wales's Stakes, and the Eclipse, and until shortly before Ascot Marsh did not know whether he would have to run there or not, so had to get him ready. To keep a horse of this high-couraged class in active training for four months on end, and win four of the biggest races known on the Turf with him during that period is an achievement which may not appeal to the general public, who look upon racehorses as sort of motor cars, but among trainers and practical owners no praise is too great to lavish upon Marsh.

WINNER OF THE MARATHON Race.—At the International Olympian games in Paris on Thursday, the Marathon race of forty kilometres was won by a Frenchman named Theato Michel, in two hours and forty-nine minutes. The weather proved too hot for English and American competitors. With the exception of the above race, all the events were handicaps. Other results: 100 Metres Handicap, final heat.—1, Minchan, America (6 metres start); 2, Holland, America (4 metres); and 3, Pritchard, India (5 metres). 800 metres Handicap Flat Race.—1, Christensen, Denmark (70 metres start); 2, Haves, America (40 metres); and 3, Lord, America (35 metres). Pole Jump.—1, Horton, America. 400 Metres Hurdle Race.—1, Pritchard (15 metres start); and 2, Tewkesbury, America (4½ metres). Won easily by ten yards. 2,500 Metres Steeplechase Handicap.—1, Kraechtel, Austria (30 metres start). High Jump Handicap.—Blom, Sweden, 2m. 5c. (handicap 31 centimetres). Throwing the disque.—1, Soderstom, Sweden, 40m. 50c.

DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE.—The preliminary heats for this old-time event were rowed last week on the Thames between Putney and Hammersmith bridges. The race was originated by Mr. Thomas Doggett, a famous comedian, in commemoration of the accession of the House of Hanover. He left enough money to supply an annuity to provide a livery and badge and a certain sum for the best young waterman who is out of his time before July 10. Nine entries were received this season, against eight last year. Last week three heats were rowed, with the following results, and the first two in each will meet in the final: Heat 1: W. C. Hammerton, Twickenham, 1; P. C. Wheeler, Richmond, 2; W. Leary, Rotherhithe, 3. Won by six lengths. Time, 9min 11sec. Heat 2: J. J. Turffery, Bankside, 1; H. C. Coppock, Bermondsey, 2; J. Meade, Shadwell, 3. Won by ten lengths. Time, 9min 50sec. Heat 3: R. H. Turk, Kingston, 1; A. R. Chitty, Richmond, 2; J. R. Myers, Bermondsey, 0. Won by four lengths. Time, 9min 56sec. Subsequently the draw was made for the final heat, which will be rowed on Wednesday, August 1, next over the usual course from London Bridge to Chelsea, starting at 5.15 p.m. No. 1 station, Middlesex, North shore: H. C. Coppock, Bermondsey, red; No. 2, P. C. Wheeler, Richmond, white; No. 3, R H. Turk, Kingston, blue; No. 4, A. R. Chitty, Richmond, yellow; No. 5, W. C. Hammerton, Twickenham, green; No. 6, Surrey, South Shore, J. J. Turffery, Bankside, pink.

THE BISLEY MEETING AND THE Queen's Prize Winner.—The Bisley meeting of 1900 has been in some respects disappointing. Notwithstanding Lord Salisbury's appeal for rifle clubs and the patriotic efforts of the Primrose League Habitations, the new rifle clubs have not been much in evidence, and the total number of entries has been far below the average. This falling off is doubtless the result partly of the absence of so many Bisley shots of former years in South Africa, where they are making practical use of their skill as marksmen, and partly to the more difficult conditions now in force and to shorter ranges. But the Bisley of 1900 will be long remembered as the year in which the Queen's Prize was secured by a former winner, an event that has only occurred once before during the forty-one years since the competition was first started at Wimbledon. Private Ward, of the 1st Devons, which is, by the way, the senior Volunteer corps of the kingdom, is to be heartily congratulated on his double victory. To have secured the Queen's Prize even once in competition with such masters of the rifle as meet at Bisley in the final stages of the contest is an achievement that is sufficient to satisfy most men's ambition. To have done it twice marks the victor as a man of very exceptional skill and good fortune, and it is quite possible that another thirty years will go by before the splendid feat of marksmanship is repeated, the nearest opponent to Private Ward being the Silver Medallist of the meeting, Colour-Sergeant Comery, 3rd H.L.I., whose total for the three stages was 338. Ward, who is unmarried, is thirty-three years of age, and lives at Okehampton, where he carries on business as a coachbuilder. The St. George's Vase has been won for the second time by a well-known and popular London shot, Armourer-Sergeant G. E. Fulton, 13th Middlesex, V.R.C., who gained the same trophy in 1893, and also carried off the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon in 1888.

JUMPING MATCH FOR £100.—There was a large amount of interest in this match which took place on Saturday at the Wellington Grounds, Bury, between Tom Colquitt and C. Matthews, who contested a series of three stand forward spring jumps without weights, stand, hop two strides and a jump without weights, and run two spring jumps with weights, the one covering the most ground to be adjudged the winner. Both are well known among the professional jumpers. It will be remembered that Colquitt was recently defeated at the same venue by the American champion, Baker, who is in this country making records. There would be close upon a thousand spectators present on Saturday, and the wagering closed at 7 to 4 on Colquitt, who won the toss, and elected to jump at three springs. His best effort produced 11yd 2ft 3in. Matthews tried three times, and was short by 10 3-5in. The following jump was the break-back, and Colquitt was the first away, his distance being cut by Matthews by 15¼in. The jump, two hops, and jump was next tried, Colquitt covering 14yd 1ft 11in. Matthews was outside this figure by 7¼in, and Colquitt was the winner of the rubber by 2in, after an exciting contest.

RACE FOR THE CARWARDINE Challenge Cup at the Crystal Palace.—The annual race for the Carwardine Challenge Cup took place on Saturday afternoon at the Crystal Palace, and resulted in a win for F. D. Frost (Raleigh and Bath Road C.C.), who covered the distance of 100 miles in 3hr 46min 56 3-5sec. Originally there were seventeen entries, but only fourteen competitors started, all being paced. Most of the well known long distance men faced the starter, including F. G. Crawley, who won the trophy last year, and Dudden. The result of the race was in doubt up to the last two miles, when Frost, who

now becomes absolute owner of the cup, having previously won it twice—draw away, and won by a little over a minute. Details: F. D. Frost (Raleigh and Bath Road), 3hr 46min 56 3-5sec, 1; G. A. Olley (Anerley B.C.), 3hr 48min 21 4-5sec, 2; and W. B. Dudden (Polytechnic C.C.), 3hr 48min 53 2-5sec, 3. The holder retired at the end of forty-two miles, and when half the journey had been covered the race was practically confined to the three placed men, of whom Dudden led most of the way. Towards the finish the contest was very exciting, each man leading alternately. However, Frost had the best of the pacing, and entering the last mile had a good lead. The struggle for second place proved very exciting.

HALF-MILE AMATEUR SWIMMING Championship.—This event was decided on Saturday in the Marine Lake, Stockport, before a large number of spectators. The course was 110yd long, necessitating eight turns. There were six starters, including J. A. Jarvis (the holder), who has already this year secured the mile and long-distance championships. The order at the finish was: J. A. Jarvis, of Leicester, 1; G. E. Sharp, of Leicester, 2; T. E. Wildgoose, of Hyde Seal, 3; N. Potter, of Tyldesley, 4; B. Law, of Chadderton, 5; and H. Brooks, of Sefton, 6. Jarvis had an easy win, as, leading from the start, he won by 25yd, in 12min 35sec, which is 6sec outside his own record, created at Leicester last year. Wildgoose was 20yd behind Sharp, this pair finishing second and third to Jarvis for the third time this year.

THAMES BARGE SAILING MATCH.—This annual match took place on Saturday from Gravesend over a course round the Mouse Lightship and back, the craft being bona-fide weight carriers which had been thoroughly tested. The entries were: Shamrock, 58 tons, W. Cory and Son; Lousalf, 64 tons, Wilders and Cary; Surf, 49 tons, F. D. Lambert; Centaur, 49 tons, London and Rochester Barge Company; Mildreda, 61 tons, Morris, Mildred, and Jenner; and Giralda, 49 tons, F. D. Lambert. The Oriole, with a large company on board, followed the race. In a light westerly wind Giralda got the lead, but was quickly passed by Surf and Centaur, who held first and second places down Sea Reach to the Mouse, which was rounded as follows:—Centaur, 1hr 4min 31sec; Surf, 1hr 42min 34sec; Lousalf, 1hr 43min 17sec; Mildreda, 1hr 48min 54sec; Giralda, 1hr 49min 17sec; and Shamrock, 1hr 49min 50sec. It was mostly a beat up on the return, and Centaur took fourth place to Mildreda in Sea Reach, whilst Shamrock was hopelessly last. They finished in the following order: Giralda (winner), 5hr 47min 40sec; Surf (second prize), 5hr 48min 45sec; Mildreda (third prize), 5hr 52min 45sec; Centaur, 5hr 53min 30sec; Lousalf, 6hr 2min 44sec; and Shamrock, 6hr 20min 37sec.

BARROW RACE SWEEPSTAKES, starting 7.35 a.m. Sunday morning, T. Casey, of Billingsgate, J. Keeley, Seven Dials, T. Buckley, Bloomsbury, and J. Hunt, of St. James.—The contestants started from the Enterprise, Long Acre, at 7.35 a.m., reaching Hammersmith Broadway at 8.20 a.m. Casey, 1; Keeley, one minute behind the winner, 2; Buckley, half minute behind second man, 3; Hunt, two minutes behind Buckley, last.

RETIREMENT OF MR. KRAENZLEIN,—Mr. A. C. Kraenzlein, the celebrated American amateur athlete, has definitely decided to retire from athletic contests. After scoring an easy win in the final heat of the 200 metres hurdle race at the International Olympian Games at Paris, he remarked to a Press representative:—"I have run my last race. I am now through with athletics, and will devote myself to something more serious." Kraenzlein retires with some extraordinary records to his credit, records which are scarcely likely to be beaten for many a long day. They are these: 120 yards hurdles (grass), 15 2-5sec.; 120 yards hurdles (cinder), 15 1-5sec.; long jump, 24ft. 4½in.

FIFTY MILES CYCLING ROAD Record Broken.—Under the auspices of the Midland Cycle Records Association, H. W. Burman, of the Speedwell B.C., made a successful attack on Tuesday week upon the Midlands fifty miles road record, unpaced. The effort took place over the usual ground from Four Oaks to Lichfield Burdon and back. Burman rode strongly throughout, covering the fifty miles in 2hr 34min 55sec, the previous best amateur record standing to the credit of E. Large, being 2hr 43min 18sec. Burman, who rode a free-wheeled bicycle, also beat the professional record for the course, held by Mr. H. Hands, by fully 7min.

COOKHAM REGATTA.—THIS POPUlar regatta was held on Thursday in tropical heat. Appended are the results of the principal races:—Open Sculling Race: C. W. Taylor, 1; and R. O. Pitman, 2. Won by half a length. Skiff Sculling: C. E. Lisles, 1; E. D. Osborne, 2; and W. Davis, 3. Lisles, of the Skiff Club, won easily by over a length. Ladies' Double Sculling; The Misses Ellis, 1; and Miss Harvey and Miss Paine, 2. Won by two lengths. Double Canadian Canoe: Miss Harvey and B. M. Patton, 1; and Mrs. Rule and R. D. Hodgson, 2. Won by six lengths. Dongola Race for Challenge Cup: Mill House crew beat Lowther Cottage crew by a length. Double Sculling: C. E. Lisles and L. Spaeth, 1; and E. D. Osborne and H. D. Harrison, 2. Amateur Single Punting, for Challenge Cup: I. Secker, 1; and H. T. Fitch, 2. Ladies' Punting, over special course: Miss L. Harvey, 1; and Mrs. H. Coleman, 2.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON AND THE America Cup.—Sir Thomas Lipton, who is cruising in the Clyde, was interviewed on Thursday. He emphatically denies that he has sent a second challenge for the America Cup, neither is he having another challenger built. He has changed his plans, and will wait until all details are worked out before he issues another challenge. It may be twelve months before these are arranged. He is prepared to wait two years. There is nothing to gain by haste, and everything to lose. He is not satisfied with one defeat. He will race the Shamrock in British regattas next season, and thereby gain knowledge for his next challenger.

HAMMON MEMORIAL COMPETItion.—The last race of the year in the Hammon Memorial Competition took place last Thursday evening at Canning Town. The event, 50 miles, paced, was open to all clubs affiliated to the Essex and Middlesex Cycling Union. The result was:—W. B. Dudden, Polytechnic C.C., 1; G. W. Bishop, Thames Ironworks A.C., 2; J. Taylor, Walthamstow Town C.C., 3; and F. C. Castle, University C.C., 4. Won by a lap; nine laps between second and third. Time, 1hr 47min 22 1-5sec. Bishop lost a couple of laps through a spill in the early stages of the race. The Polytechnic C.C. gained possession of the cup with a score of three points.

STAINES AMATEUR REGATTA.—This annual regatta was held on Thursday in beautiful weather, and proved very successful. Results:—Junior Sculls: E. S. S. Baker, Pembroke College, Cambridge, 1; R. Waldroth, Molesey B.C., 2. Won by two and a half lengths. Staines Sculls: R. Johnson, Twickenham R.C., 1; H. F. Large, Kingston R.C., 0. Large fell out of his boat 150 yards from the finish. Senior Sculls: St. George Ashe, 1; F. A. Boyton, London R.C., 2. Won in the last spurt by a third of a length. Junior Eights: Thames R.C. beat London R.C. by two lengths. Senior Eights: London R.C. beat Thames R.C. by two lengths. Staines Eights: Royal School of Mines beat Thames R.C. by four lengths. Senior Fours: London beat Staines on a foul.

INTERNATIONAL MEETING IN Paris.—The athletic meeting in connection with the exhibition was concluded on Saturday. The international race of 5,000 metres resolved itself into a contest between French and English, the latter winning by twenty-six points against twenty-nine. The first place was taken by Bennett (England), and the second by Rimmer (England). The other English competitors were Robinson, sixth place; Tysoe, seventh; and Rowley, tenth. The 200 yards flat race was won by the American Tewkesbury, Pritchard being second and Rowley third. Time, 22½sec. The 110 metres hurdle race was won by a German named Rau, who had five metres start from Pritchard.

ANOTHER AMERICAN VICTORY.—M. W. Long, of New York, who since last August has won the United States, Canadian, British, and, finally, the world's quarter-mile championship, competed from scratch in the 220 yards handicap at the Liverpool Charity Sports on Saturday. He gained a splendid victory, beating A. Hargreaves, Southport H., 15yd start, on the post in 22 4-5sec.

DARTS.—A MOST INTERESTING and skilful game of darts took place on July 22 at Steve Morgan's, the King Henry VIII.'s Head, Union Street, Boro', for a handsome gold watch. The entries were all to be expected considering the weather. Round 1. T. Hills beat Stewart, Steve Morgan beat Brooks, Dixon beat Todge, F. King beat Villies, Gill beat Israel, Addis beat Redpath, Bailey beat Pratt, Brockies beat Feuillade, Collins beat Watson. Round 2. Addis beat Bailey, Steve Morgan beat King, Dixon beat Gill, Brockies beat Hills, Collins a bye. Round 3. Dixon beat Brockies, Addis beat Steve Morgan, Collins a bye. Round 4. Collins beat Addis, Dixon a bye. Final: Dixon beat Collins, making the highest score during the evening of 80. The game was called by that well-known weight carrier, Jem Bloomfield, of Southwark, and marked by A. Baldwinson, of pigeon fame. Joney officiated as referee, who, I might say, has only just come from the front. Dixon took his prize amidst a shower of ruof ela. There will be another show next Sunday, as I don't think we have found the champion yet. There will also be a linnet contest next Sunday for a handsome cage box; hang up at 1.15.

KENSINGTON BOXING CLUB wishes to thank the following members for assisting to make their section of the Bayswater and North Kensington and Paddington Carnival a success: R. Martin, H. Smith, P. Grees, J. Kingsland, G. Biggs, F. Rountree, F. Saunders, C. Preston, and others, also the following professionals, who worked hard, Nat Smith, Tom Staples, Ted Alty, Jim Williams.

SWIMMING: DOVER TO FOLKEstone and Back.—Mr. Frank Holmes, of Birmingham, who proposes to attempt the Channel swim again this year, early last week completed a very successful swim from Dover to Folkestone and back. The distance was covered in six hours, the temperature of the water being 62. During part of the journey there was a little broken water, but Holmes never from the start to the finish showed any signs of fatigue.

SAMUEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.—A Halesowen (Worcestershire) publican, named Samuel Fletcher, has just earned great fame in his own county. To decide a wager of £10 he entered a den of lions in a travelling menagerie, and sang, "Alice, where art thou?" The public in attendance sang, "It's all up with poor Sammy now," but it wasn't. So far from the beasts resenting his presence, they growled out an accompaniment to the song, and Samuel, having concluded his warbling, gracefully retired.

DEATH OF MR. RICHARD DAFT.—A Famous Cricketer.—This famous old Notts cricketer died recently, after an illness of several weeks, lung trouble being the cause of death. Born on November 2, 1836, Daft first played for his county in 1858, and as late as four seasons back played for Notts against Surrey. He was a very stylish bat, and in the course of his long career exceeded 50 on forty-nine occasions. He reached three figures five times. The highest score Daft ever made was 161 for Notts against Yorkshire at Trent Bridge in 1873, and he also exceeded the century on three other occasions when playing for his county. He also represented the Players against the Gentlemen on many occasions, and in 1872 made 102 in the big match at Lord's. Daft was one of the most correct and stylish batsmen of the day, and the young cricketers were always taught to look upon him as a model. Among present day players Arthur Shrewsbury, who formed his style upon Daft, most nearly approaches him both in the way in which he stands at the wicket and the easy manner in which he executes his strokes. After practically retiring from first-class cricket for a time, Daft came out again and played as an amateur, his last appearance being for Notts against Surrey in 1898.

BUSMEN AT PLAY.—THE EMployés of the Tower Bridge and Camberwell omnibus drivers and conductors recently had their outing and sports at Mr. Mead's, The Cricketers, Orpington, Kent. The party journeyed in brakes from Mr. William Droop's, the Prince Alfred, Albany Road, Camberwell. The following are the results of the various events:—Drivers' race, one mile level: 1st prize, a silver-mounted whip, presented by Mr. Barker, the well-known whip maker of Camberwell. Bob Casey, 1st; Brown, 14st, who fell, 2nd; and Horizell, 3rd. Good race. Conductors' race for a satchel (200yd level): Isaac Hyams, 1; Bryant, 2; Leavens, 3. Won rather easily. 300yds race, level, for a handsome rug, presented by Mr. Cohen, of Walworth: Brown (14st), 1; Charley Fryer, 2; Horizell, 3. Won by inches. 440yd race, level: Isaac Hyams, 1; Leavens, 2; Denny, 3. "Darkey" Johnson was starter, and Mr. William Droop officiated as referee.

BALL PLAYING. — THOMPSON'S backer writes:—Hearing so much of Robinson, of Aberaman, the ball player in such a hurry for a match with Thompson, of Cwmaman, for not less than £25 a-side, and play at Briton Ferry-side, Ball Court, we the backers of Thompson will agree to all that. Hoping Robinson's friends will meet us as soon as possible, and make a deposit for £25, open to £50 a-side any date they wish to mention; trusting they will meet us at the Globe Inn, Cwm. Business only meant.

THE "HOKY POKY" VENDOR IN TROUBLE.

The Gent From Saffron Hill Gets a "Mouse."

(Subject of Illustration.)

WITH the hot weather comes the "hoky poky" man with his small barrow and ice cream to tempt the halfpennies from the pockets of the small youths, who gladly lick down the cooling mixture placed between two wafer biscuits. Occasionally the rougher element among the customers of the man from sunny Italy seek to get a taster on the cheap, which "Italiano" tries to resist, and not infrequently a passage of arms occurs in which "tapioca" seldom gets the best of it, but takes the rough with the smooth, and leaves this country after a couple of seasons a fairly rich man.

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WALTER DOWDALL.

Amateur Boy Champion Ball-puncher, and Mr. Dowdall, of the Black Horse Inn, Chestergate, Stockport.

(With Portrait.)

THE youngster first saw daylight February 13, 1885, Wood Street, Stockport. When he had reached the age of thirteen his father, who is a professor of the noble art of self-defence and ball-punching, took him in hand, and up to now he has had a remarkable and clever career. The first ball-punching competition he entered in was at the Theatre Royal, Hyde; twenty entries. The boy distinguished himself by taking first honours. The next was at Hazel Grove Gymnastic Club; Freeman Martin, heavyweight of America, manager. Eighteen entries, of which the "Kid" took first prize. Then came the open amateur ball-punching competition, Holcombe Hall, London, February 12, 1900, for a silver cup given by that world-renowned ex-bantam champion "Pedlar" Palmer. After a splendid and exciting finish, young Dowdall was proclaimed the winner. The cup on the left of the photo is the one given by "Pedlar." The one on the right is one he won in an open 8st boxing competition, six entries. The "Kid" gave a tremendous lot of weight away, as at the present time he only "tips the beam" at 6st 10lb. He has also distinguished himself in the swimming world, winning three competitions also swam second in the Fantom Challenge Shield Competition. The boy is open to ball punch, drum ball, any boy in England for £25 a-side. At the above house is the place where the undermentioned did their work for the specified matches:- Bert Smith, when he defeated Frank Mosedale (Bury); Joe Howse, when he defeated George Nixon (Hyde); Billy Morgan (Swansea), when he beat Frank Pickup (Manchester; Sloan (Newcastle), when he lost on a foul to "Kid" Veitch (Newcastle); also trained Harry Battersby for the Back Swimming Championship of England held in London, 1899, which Battersby won.

HE WILL NOT REPEAT THE ADVENTURE.

The Man From Chicago Who Shot the Whirlpool Rapids.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A SUCCESSFUL attempt was made to navigate the Whirlpool Rapids, which form the most turbulent and dangerous stretch of water in the world, it being here that Captain Webb, the famous English swimmer, was drowned in 1883. The ride through the Whirlpool Rapids was made by a Danish school-teacher named Bowser, whose home is in Chicago. He used a boat constructed for the occasion with six airtight compartments filled with cork. The craft was appropriately called the Fool-Killer. Near the spot where Webb was dashed on to the rocks and drowned the Fool-Killer turned bottom up, and Bowser, who clung to ropes, was dragged, strangling and choking, through the water at terrific speed. At one time the boat was submerged for some seconds, and the spectators thought that it was lost to sight for ever. However, both the boat and Bowser shot to the surface, where the Fool-Killer righted. In the whirlpool itself the craft was sucked out of sight again, but as before it reappeared with the intrepid Dane still hanging on to the ropes. After two hours of the most extraordinary adventures, Bowser was rescued. He is now quite well, but will not repeat his adventure.

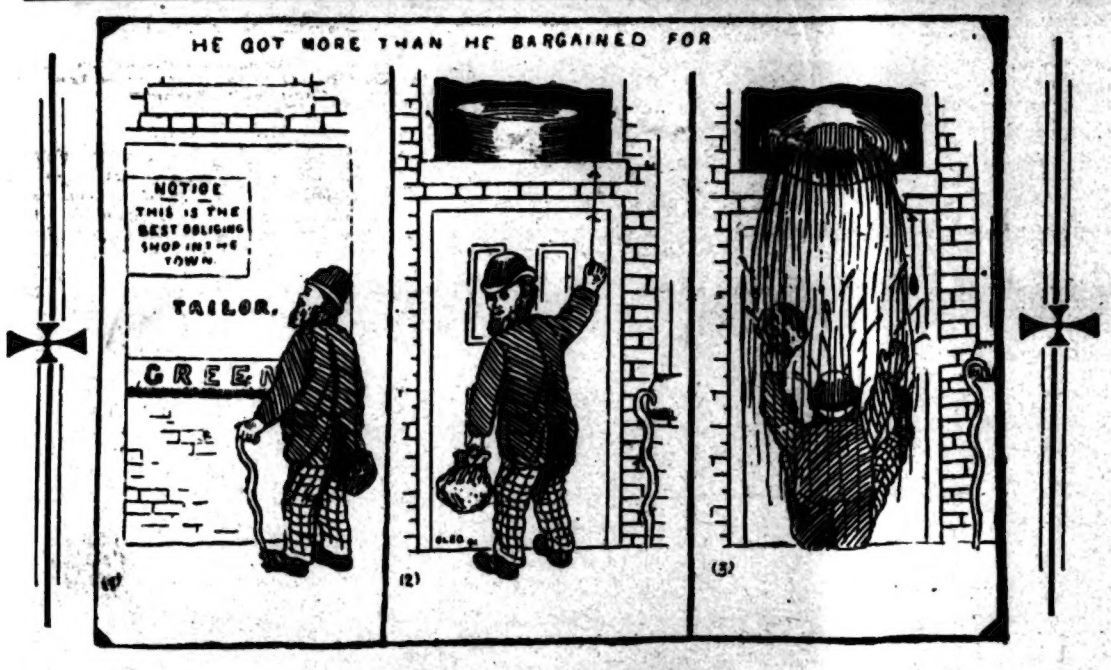
VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—

T. Gyles.
Jack Maloney (Clare Market).
William Hall.
Neil Thompson (Glasgow).
"Sailor" Richardson.
Mr. L. Wittich (Cunard S.S. Company).
Bill Chart.
Jack Everhardt (America).
Harry Smith (K.B. Club).
Herman F. Wolff (Philadelphia, manager of Jack Everhardt).
Samuel Craig.
Charley Woods (Liverpool).
T. Brown (Liverpool).
H. Russell (Balham).
Cris Smith (Bow).
Bill Morley (Borough).
Johnny Thomas (Leather Lane).
"Old Skiddy."
Steve Morgan (King Henry the Eight's Head).

VITAL POWER.

If you suffer from Spermatorrhœa, Exhausted Vitality, Loss of Energy, Weakness, Despondency, Premature Decay, Varicocele, Brain Fag, Nervousness, Blotches on the Skin, Dimness of Sight, Melancholy, Loss of Memory, Noises in the Ears, Kidney or Liver Complaints, or any disease of the Bladder or Urinary Organs, do not fail to send a stamped addressed envelope to:—GEORGE W. IGER, Esq., Colne House, Rembrandt Rd., Lee, London, S.E. (Name this paper.)



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

BILL SHAW.
A Well-known and Clever Middle-weight.

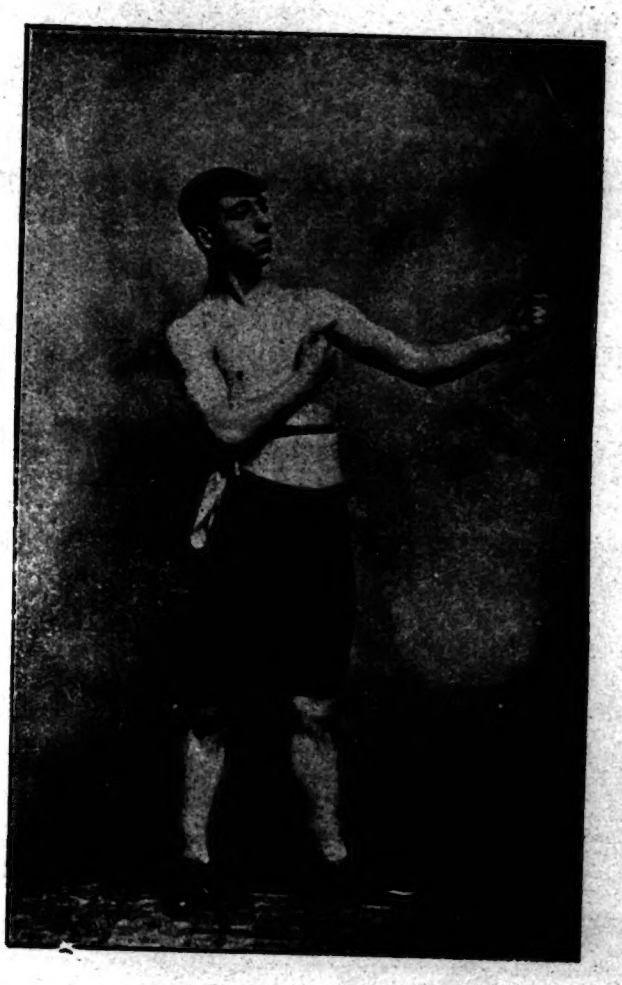
WALTER DOWDALL,
Amateur Boy Champion Ball Puncher, and Mr. Dowdall, of the Black Horse Inn, Chestergate, Stockport.

THE REFORMED DRUNKARD KNELT IN PRAYER AT HIS WIFE'S GRAVE.

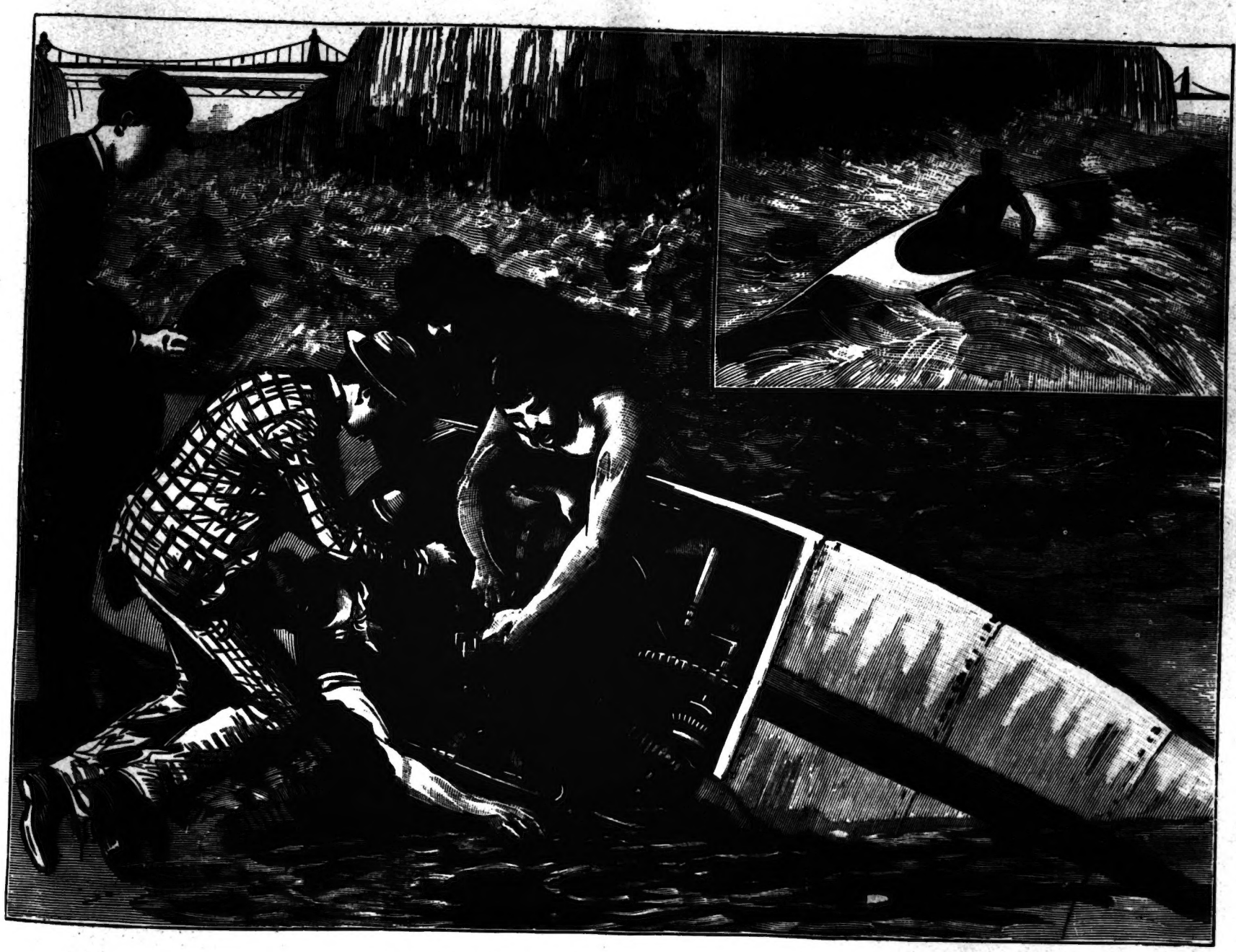
THE EAST-END CARNIVAL.
Joe Smith w.th a Car Emblematic of the Noble Art of Boxing.

A FASHIONABLE BATHER AT OSTEND.

JACK HARE,
Of Plaistow, a Well-known Pugilist, who has Gone to the Cape to Seek his Fortune.



CHARLIE SMIRKE,
A Capable Little Boxer, who Met Harry Slough at Bow Grounds, July 23.



HE WILL NOT REPEAT THE ADVENTURE.
The Man from Chicago who Shot the Whirlpool Rapids.

SATURDAY EVENING AT WONDERLAND.

SCIENTIFIC DISPLAY AND GOOD CONTESTS.

THE WELL-ADVERTISED BLACK and white night took place at the above resort in Whitechapel last Saturday. As detailed in last week's edition of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, Frank Craig ("The Harlem Coffee Cooler") has joined forces with Joe Smith in the management of the show. Smith has been promoting boxing for years and thoroughly understands what to do. He has backed and trained various boxers for engagements, being the first to take Harry Ware in hand and assist to obtain the position he now holds—that of champion. It was due to him that "Pedlar" beat Ware at the N.S.C., as, knowing exactly what Harry could do, Smith superintended Palmer's training and seconded him in the fight. His knowledge of Ware's style and "Pedlar's" combined assisted the latter in just gaining a victory that meant a little to both. "The Coffee Cooler" is also well known, and since he, a third-rate boxer in America, came across the briny he came on by leaps and bounds, beating all comers, till he met his Waterloo at the hands of Frank Slavin, the well-known Australian. Perhaps it was too much to expect a middle-weight to beat a heavy one, but we have degenerated since the days when Tom Sayers, who could fight at 11st, met all comers, irrespective of weight. In the good old days, it was not said, "I will fight you at such a weight," and not an ounce more, but when the old-fashioned pugilists wanted a battle they took on anybody. Many who have witnessed fights on the greensward or away up the river were present last Saturday, and thought and spoke about those bygone days when fighters fought for hours and did not give up while there was 1,000 to 1 chance of winning. Even when all hope seemed gone many have fought till darkness came upon the scene and caused a postponement. At the next time of asking the battle which had been all but lost was won, and thus gameness alone pulled the men through. Boxers always have their names put down for a contest, but we seem to be going backwards, as the majority do not turn up to time, and consequently the blame falls on the promoter. Everything was black and white, the referee being THE MIRROR OF LIFE, the timekeepers Bob Knott, Billy Gordon, and Frank Craig, Ben Harris M.C., with Billy Gordon, Frank Craig, Jack Scales, Bill Chester, Albert Dixon, and Tom Ireland as seconds. Details:—

ARCHIE WRIGHT (Meat Market) beat JACK CALDER (Stratford).

At the start Calder was seen to be the first to score, and he took the lead in the first round. His blows lacked the force of his opponent, who hit very hard from start to finish. Calder at out fighting had all the best of the points, but the strength of Wright told its usual tale in all the rallies. The last-named seemed as if he wanted to let the bout go its full distance, as when he had his rival in difficulties he allowed him to recover. In the sixth round Wright's pants came down, but his opponent took no advantage of it, generously stepping aside till the evil was remedied. At the close the verdict went to Wright.

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

BERT ADAMS (Spitalfields) beat JEM SWEENY (Stratford).

Sweeny has improved a lot lately, but this time he had all the disadvantages, his opponent being slightly heavier, besides having the longer reach. Adams during the first four rounds forced the exchanges, taking a long lead. During the final rounds Sweeny set to work wiping off a lot of arrears, and at the end was not much behind, when the decision was Adams. Had Sweeny made a fight of it in the opening rounds the result may have been different.

TEN ROUNDS SPECIAL CONTEST.

TOM KING (Aldgate) beat JACK LEWIS (America).

Our representative, in consequence of Lewis's remarks a week ago, refused to referee the bout. Bob Knott acted as referee instead, though had it not been so the black may have been disqualified for roughing. He acted contrary to the rules, many times doing his utmost to send King to sleep with a hook as they broke away. It was a very disappointing bout, chiefly in consequence of the holding tactics of Lewis, who lost his temper, and when Craig told him to fight and not to hold, remarks the reverse of complimentary left his lips. This continued till the close, when King gained the award rather easily.

Ted Ware and Billy Gordon went well in a hard-hitting three rounds display.

Four Rounds Bout: Bill Eacott and Angus Griffo.—Both evidently were in earnest, and though an exhibition was as good as a contest, both going every inch of the way.

A spirited four rounds display between Bill Shaw and Frank Craig went down well, both being applauded at the close.

A scientific exhibition between Tom Ireland and Bill Chester brought the entertainment to a close.

Smith and Craig hold another of their tournaments next Saturday, when eight special contests will be staged. The prices are as usual, the doors opening at 7.30, commence at 8.

HEXHAM HOUSE, NEWCASTLE.—IT would be invidious to say that the entertainments weekly provided at the Hexham House saloon are not popular, for their popularity, even in this season of torrid heat, is evidenced by the goodly crowds who assemble each Saturday evening in the Novocastrian Colosseum. Mr. Lowes, ever looking to the comforts of his patrons, has had the place more extensively ventilated, and it is now, as we almost may say, as cool as the proverbial cucumber at the present time. The programme of Saturday evening was a most successful one, so far as pleasing the onlookers was concerned. The first pair to entertain were J. Johnson and W. Teasdale, and their efforts were fully appreciated, and then there was an exceedingly good display given by "Spike" Johnson and J. Lloyd. It is needless to say that "Dido" Vardy and Tom Spring gave an exhibition of an interesting character, for they are renowned Northwards for their ability as "sparrers." The last couple to enter the ring before the interval were that well-known Irish 9st 6lb champion of the North, Tom Dixon (and he boxed three excellent rounds, as we know he can do), and H. Aleck, the black of Santa Cruz. It will be remembered that in our last number we stated that M. Elliott and J. Murphy had been matched for last Saturday evening, but the match fell through, Murphy paying forfeit. Albeit Mr. Lowes provided those present with a meeting which proved full of interest. "Darkey" Carpenter and J. Pringle, local youths, entered the ring for eight rounds. As soon as time was called Pringle, who was conceding some weight, commenced to work with both hands, but he was continually jabbed by the straight left of "Darkey," who was content to play the game. In the second round similar tactics were observed by both youths, and in the third the business was of the same description. In the fourth they went at it in a hammer and tongs fashion, and shortly before the round closed Carpenter got on and knocked his man out of time. It was an excellent fight. Jack Palmer was referee, and Martin Nealis timekeeper. Tim Kelly and J. Tait were the seconds throughout.

JACK GOLDSWAIN AND TOMMY Ireland for £100.—There has been considerable rivalry between these boxers, each claiming the 9st 6lb championship, so to settle the question of supremacy at that weight Mr. Joe Smith, of Wonderland, has offered them a £100 purse for a contest of fifteen three-minute rounds, 4oz gloves, to come off at Wonderland on Thursday, August 2. The purse to be divided as follows:—Winner, £65; loser £15. £10 to each as training expenses. To weigh in at twelve noon on that day.

DRUMMER COLES, 2ND BATTALION Royal Reserves, writes from Cambridge Barracks, Portsmouth:—"I notice in your issue of this week the notice re Lance-Corporal Knowles, of the Western District. I beg to inform you that if he will meet me I shall be glad to meet him at the Army and Navy Athletic Sports, Aldershot, in September. I am 9st in weight, and belong to the Southern District. If any gentleman would give a small purse I would be glad to meet Knowles at the time stated. Owing to the fact that I am going through a course of firing practice it would be impossible for me to meet him before that time."

HARRY MANSFIELD, WHO IS NOW travelling with Professor Cullis boxing around North Stafford, writes to say:—"I am willing to box any lad in England at 8st 6lb, weigh in at two o'clock on the Saturday. I should like very much to box Bill Fielder again, with whom I made a draw at the N.S.C., which I thought was not a fair decision, for the N.S.C. purse."

BILL HANRAHAN DEFEATS JACK BONNER.

(From Our Own Correspondent at the Ring Side.)

NEW YORK, JULY 14, 1900.—Bill Hanrahan, the ex-amateur middle-weight, finished veteran Jack Bonner in the twenty-first round at the Broadway A.C. last night. In the first round Hanrahan was nearly knocked out, so that after that he took plenty of time. Bonner received quite a trimming, but he stood the gaff with gameness until the end came. There was a fair-sized crowd present. In the preliminary George Munroe and Hughey Murphy, both of this city, met in a twelve rounds bout at 116lb. It was a hard fight all the way through, in which Munroe landed repeated swings on the head, but was beaten off by well-directed straight jabs in the face and body. At the end of the limit referee Charley White decided to go a draw. There was no betting to speak of on the Hanrahan-Bonner fight. The former weighed 162lb, and was handled by Sam Fitzpatrick, Jem Barry, and Billy Gilbert. Bonner's seconds were Jemmy De Forest, Johnny Gorman, and Jack Dolan. Bonner weighed about 170lb. The conditions were twenty-five rounds at catch-weights. Hanrahan ran in with a couple of swings, one of which staggered Bonner. Then they got into a half-clinch, and each pounded the kidneys. On the breakaway Bonner swung the left to the jaw, and Hanrahan went down hard, bleeding from the mouth. When he got up in the eighth count he was unsteady, but he pulled himself together and stayed, at the same time getting to the jaw with a counter that pulled Bonner up in his assault. Bonner began forcing the fighting in the second round, but Hanrahan, who had recovered, kept well away. Bonner kept coming until Hanrahan shook him up with a couple of wallops on the head. Then they mixed it, Hanrahan again shaking his man with round arm smashes on the neck. Bonner was cautioned after that and all his blows were short. Hanrahan wound up the round with another heavy belt on the mouth that made Jack beat a hasty retreat. It was anybody's fight when the third round began. Bonner used slight lefts in the face and stomach with effect, while Hanrahan kept on swinging. Bill drew the blood from the mouth, and with more heavy wallops on the head he made Bonner hang on in the clinches. Bonner opened the fourth with long lefts in the ribs. He took care though to keep away from Hanrahan's heavy right, which was always coming for the jaw. Hanrahan soon changed his tactics with chopping lefts in the face, which appeared to bother Jack considerably. Hanrahan soon scored a half knock-down with a right flush in the stomach, and when Bonner got up Bill rushed in to finish him. Bonner was still full of fight, however. As they mixed it up Hanrahan met his opponent's advance in the fifth with a left hook in the stomach. Bonner came close then and ripped the left over for the jaw. Hanrahan blocked the punch and drove the left into the stomach, which seemed to be a vital spot. Then it was give and take until a right on the jaw made Bonner clinch. Bonner came back the next moment with more straights in the face, but Hanrahan fought him off at the bell with swings which were not accurate enough to send the Pennsylvanian down. Bonner put a left squarely on the mouth as a starter in the sixth. Jack followed with a double swing that was well blocked, after which Hanrahan worked at the stomach. Bonner missed a couple of rights and received several straight lefts in the stomach. Hanrahan also cut the left eye open with a heavy swing, and also made Bonner clinch with another hot volley of smashes, which for the most part were wildly delivered. Hanrahan had his man wavering at the opening of the seventh, because of fast swings on the face and neck. But Bill was slow in following, and Bonner, who rallied quickly, shook Hanrahan with a couple of belts on the head. Then it was give and take, Bonner getting a bloody nose. Hanrahan went in for a knock-out, but in spite of all he could do Bonner stayed on his feet at the gong. Bonner started the eighth with several lefts, but he was soon clinching, as Hanrahan hit him hard in the face. Bill worked some long chopping lefts in the face, and as Bonner weakened he went to finish him. Bonner was still able to stay though, and Bill soon stayed off, being contented with lefts that were slowly closing Jack's eyes. Hanrahan was the stronger and fresher when the bell rang. Bonner seemed afraid to take a chance as they came up for the ninth. Hanrahan piled in with blows on the head and in the stomach until Jack was lumbering around the ring on the defensive. Hanrahan did all the fighting in the last minute, as Bonner was played out as to wind and legs. Bonner had revived somewhat in the tenth, and was willing to stand in for a chance. Hanrahan promptly cut loose, and with rapid swings on the head he soon had Bonner staggering all over the ring. But Hanrahan let up towards the close, and lost a fine chance to finish the job. As Bonner began the eleventh with the left in the wind Hanrahan shot a counter to the jaw, which came near ending the fight. Bonner broke ground then, and as he continued to do so Hanrahan followed leisurely with blows delivered at long range. This allowed Bonner to regain some of his lost strength, and when the round ended he was comparatively strong. Hanrahan was taking plenty of time in the twelfth, and Bonner was rapidly getting back into form. Jack stood away, though, and put in lefts to the stomach. Hanrahan lost chance after chance to stop his man, and the crowd hissed at the gong. Bonner came up strong for the thirteenth. He drove in lefts to the stomach, and also put a swinging right over the heart. These blows served to wake Bill up, and he began to get in with powerful swings on the head. Bill pounded the face with lefts, but there was so little fire in the go that many of the spectators groaned. Bonner rushed in the fourteenth, getting in a heavy right over the heart. That made Bill fight, and with hard swings he had Bonner reeling again. Both of Bonner's eyes were cut and bleeding now, and he was staggering blindly. But Jack rallied with a double swing that made Bill clinch. Hanrahan received orders to sail in and finish it in the fifteenth. He began with fast slugging until Jack's face was in ribbons. Bonner was game at that, and tried a terrific right for the jaw. He missed it and Hanrahan beat him to a standstill toward the end. Bonner was looking for an opening for a chance blow in the sixteenth. He swung a left to the jaw, but slipped in with tantalising lefts to his battered countenance. Bonner tried a double swing for the head and missed. Then Hanrahan punched the eyes until they were filled with gore and Bonner was at a standstill. Hanrahan jabbed his man's face again in the seventeenth. Bonner was a sight, but he was still dangerous, and rushed repeatedly. One of these assaults was met with an uppercut in the chin, which beat Jack's head back and made him hug. Hanrahan stayed away in the last half and jabbed. In the eighteenth Hanrahan continued to jab his man's face into a pulp, but he did not hustle, and Bonner was able to swing many blows that had enough power in them to stop Bill if they had reached the proper mark. Bonner did the bulk of the fighting in the nineteenth, but inflicted no damage, as Hanrahan kept out of harm's way with special care. In the twentieth Bonner was in trouble once more, but Hanrahan did not follow him up, and the round ended in a walk around. The twenty-first round was hardly under way when Hanrahan scored a clean knockdown with a heavy left in the stomach. When Jack got up he was ready to fall again. Hanrahan rushed, and as the men came together with a crash Bonner fell over backward through the ropes on the top of a little bald-headed man. White then interfered and gave the fight to Hanrahan. Bonner had his left leg injured, and was carried from the ring.

A PROVINCIAL MILL ON THE Grass.—A couple of well-known local boxers of Portsmouth, Charles Spencer and David Pledge, settled their differences in the old style at the quiet rendezvous of Copnor during the earlier hours of July 15. There had been a good deal of bantering between the two for a long period, and it was finally settled to try conclusions as to the respective boxing tactics between them, the object being not so much to lose or to win a big lump of money (for the stake was but £2 a-side), as to settle who really was the best man with the fists. Quietly did the spectators "in the know" make their way to the rendezvous, which was found to be as suitable for a pair of boxers as any grass field could be, and a considerable company were round the ring, each principal having enthusiastic backers behind him. Joe Harper (who is the champion light-weight of Portsmouth now that Jem Turner of that locality is at the front) and "Shocker" Myers (a travelling pugilist) were Spencer's seconds, and George Conner and George Green (experienced men in the boxing line) acted in a similar capacity for Pledge. The men were promptly on their legs and facing each other when the timekeeper signalled for the start of the fifteen three-minute rounds, and Spencer had the best of matters in the opening encounter, his opponent receiving rather heavily about the head. Pledge, however, was by no means inactive, especially after the third bout, in which he returned with interest the sound blows which Spencer inflicted. Spencer then recovered himself, and held a good lead up to the seventh meeting, but it was at the end of that that he suddenly collapsed and cried "Enough!" Pledge was thereupon declared the victor, and was awarded the money stakes. Each man bore unmistakable signs of the cleverness in straight hitting by his opponent.

JOHNNY HUGHES v. JOHNSON, of Oldham.—Johnny Hughes writes: "Just a few lines to let you know that I have gone to Southsea with 'Dido' Plumb and 'Ginger' Osborne to get into shape for my match with Johnson, of Oldham, which is for £100 a-side and best purse offered. Offers to be made by July 30. Date of contest August 13, and I think I shall be in better condition than I have ever been. It is twenty rounds of three minutes."

JOE GANS
DEFEATS
"YOUNG GRIFFO."
(From Our Own Correspondent at the Ringside.)

NEW YORK, JULY 11, 1900.—Young Griffo, of Australia, once considered the greatest boxer of the world, was literally beaten to a standstill by Joe Gans, of Baltimore, at the Seaside Sporting Club in Coney Island last night. The end came in the eighth round when Griffo, blinded with blood and weak from the incessant hammering that Gans handed out to him, was on the verge of being put to sleep. But for interference on the part of Referee John White, the Australian would have been knocked out. In spite of a wild career Griffo showed that he had regained much of his old-time vigor. For six rounds he made things hum for Gans, but in the seventh round a couple of hard knock-downs took away the Australian's strength and prepared the way for his defeat. Griffo could not be said to possess his former remarkable science. He was quick, but not quick enough to stave off the clever Baltimorean who took his time and then delivered the blows that won. Griffo's exhibition of gameness, however, was remarkable. He refused to take counts when floored, and, though badly beaten about the head, he never flinched. While his strength lasted he put up a fierce fight, but he was outclassed in nearly every respect. When about to leave the ring Griffo, after shaking hands with his old rival, Jack McAuliffe, took a long drink out of a black bottle. He had evidently had his fill of training and recuperation. The crowd did not flock into the building at an early stage, but still, when the preliminary was put on, there was a good attendance which was increasing in size every moment. The appetising bout was provided by George Monroe and Eugene Garcia, both of this city, who were matched for twelve rounds at 117 pounds. Garcia took the place of "Itsy" Ryan, who came to the club-house several pounds overweight. John White was the referee, and Joe Dunn kept time. Garcia was a mark for constant facers and body blows in every round, but he stood the gruelling with good grace. Monroe received the decision. Bob Fitzsimmons and Sharkey were among the spectators, also Ruhlin and McCoy. Gans's wife was smuggled past the doorkeepers, and had a seat unobserved within reach of the ring. Gans was a 5 to 2 favourite, but there was very little money up. The coloured pugilist entered the ring first, there being no demonstration, while Griffo received a cheer. Gans's seconds were Al Herford, Harry Lyons, and "Kid" Thomas. Griffo was looked after by Clarence Forbes, Paddy Gorman and Tommy Holden. The match called for twenty-five rounds at 135 pounds, Queensberry rules. As Griffo sat in his corner the crowd seized a chance to size him up. His arms and legs looked strong enough to stand a hard fight, and his chest and back were well hardened. Gans was in superb condition, as he always is. When they shook hands Gans had a slight advantage in height and also had the longer reach. Griffo stood up coolly and sent a quick left to Gans's face. He went in again with a corking left swing that landed on the eye, and the crowd yelled. Gans then took the defensive, and as Griffo kept on top of him with rapid lefts in the face, Joe was puzzled. Gans was finally forced into a mix-up and shot a left to the ear. In another mix-up Griffo fell, but he jumped up laughing, and ran into a rally that was stopped by the bell. Griffo opened the second round with a rush which brought a clinch. Gans met another advance with sharp counters on the head. "I'm goin' to do yer," said Griffo, with a grin. "All right," replied Gans, and the Australian then jumped in with swift lefts and a right on the head that drove Gans away. Gans came back with several heavy swings, which were blocked, but a straight punch on the nose brought blood. Gans then rushed and made Griffo retreat in some disorder. When Griffo came up for the third round his right eye was closing rapidly. Gans quickly jabbed him in the face with a hot left, and Griffo danced away after a short spell of boxing. Griffo tried lefts, but they had little force. Gans, on the other hand, had plenty of power in his smashes. Joe took his time, however, and Griffo, getting him cornered, whipped in three lefts to the stomach, two of which were well stopped. Griffo cut loose then and with more body blows he made Gans clinch. It was a fine rally on the part of the Australian, and the crowd cheered him to the echo. Griffo began the fourth with a rush which was stopped. As Gans rushed in return, Griffo slipped to a knee, but was up and into a hot rally without delay. Griffo paid special attention to the body, and every time he reached it Gans clinched. Griffo kept his man busy for several moments, but Gans soon cut loose, and with rapid swings he made Griffo clinch. Then they got at it in fierce style, Griffo having his mouth and his eye further swollen, but the Australian kept on fighting like a demon to the bell, and went to his corner with a skip. Gans was in no hurry when the fifth began. He used his feet and blocked many swings, at the same time putting in counters to Griffo's sore face. Griffo was the aggressor until Gans landed a couple of swings on his eye, after which both were contented with light sparring. Griffo stood in close at all times, and in the mix-up he whipped in heavy stomach blows that made Gans hang on for all he was worth. Griffo was doing all the fighting at the gong. Gans opened the sixth with lefts delivered at long range. Griffo went in quickly for another mix-up, and hammered the ribs with left and right. Gans then tried more long swings which Griffo blocked with consummate ease. Gans did some clever blocking, too, and then tried a right on the jaw. Griffo stepped away from it, and pounded the ribs with the left. Griffo then jumped in with a right over the heart and got away so quickly from the counters that came back that the crowd yelled in appreciation. Griffo began the seventh with an ineffective rush; Gans responded with a hard right on the heart that almost turned the Australian around. Griffo was still coming in and Gans met him with sharp smashes in the face and stomach. Gans rushed, and with a storm of long swings on the head, he sent Griffo down. As the referee started to count, Griffo pushed him aside and got up. Gans piled the blows in then until Griffo's face was battered and bathed in blood, but he stood up to be knocked down hard. Griffo would not take a count, but leaped up and was fighting like a tiger when the bell rang. Gans was confident of victory as he faced the plucky Australian for the eighth. He began the round with several cutting facers, but they did not deter Griffo from standing in for a series of mix-ups. Gans simply laid the blows all over his man after that, and with a heavy right on the jaw he made Griffo totter blindly towards the ropes. Another smash would have knocked the Australian out, but the referee interfered and declared Gans the winner. It was a merciful action on the part of White, as Griffo was helpless. The time of the round was 1 minute 28 seconds.

OPEN-AIR TOURNAMENT AT BOW.—That boxing is a popular pastime all the year round with lovers of the noble art in the East-end has been amply proved by the success which has attended the many shows held on enclosed premises during the summer. Consequently, it came as no surprise to find a large muster at the Old Bow Running Grounds last Monday evening, when an entertainment was given in the open. The most important item on the programme was a fifteen rounds contest between those well-known bantams, Harry Slough, of Southwark, and Charley Smirke, of Lambeth, for a silver cup presented by the promoters, and a stake of £10 a-side. As the lads have met twice before, without a definite result being arrived at, a good bout was anticipated. Expectations were realised to the full, as at the conclusion of the fourteenth round there was not a pin's point to choose between them, but in the last round Smirke did best, and gained the award after a grand struggle. The officials were: Referee, Mr. Bill Higgins; timekeeper, Mr. Sam Evans; M.C., "Brummy" Meadows; seconds, Ray England and Bob Russell. In addition an eight rounds contest was decided between Joe Dudley (Shoreditch) and Charlie Masters (Limehouse). Dudley had all the natural advantages, but was knocked down in the first round with a heavy punch on the mark, the call of time alone saving him from defeat. In the third, Dudley took a good lead, and in the fourth Masters, who evidently was not in love with his job, fell down from a light blow, and his second jumping into the ring to assist him, he was disqualified.

GLOVE CONTEST AT STOCKTON.—A ten rounds contest for £15 a-side and a £30 purse, at catch-weights, took place at the Excelsior Gymnasium, Stockton-on-Tees, last Monday night, between Sam Cowan, of Stockton (late of Newcastle), and Jack Timney, of Newcastle. After a punishing bout the contest ended in a draw.

BOXING IN LEEDS.—A LARGE COMpany assembled at Leeds and County Gymnastic Club last Monday night, when a number of eight rounds contests were decided. L. Dillon beat R. Mackenzie in the second round. A wonderfully well-contested set-to resulted from the meeting of H. Nayliss and N. Soloman, and after going the full number of rounds the referee declared the contest a draw. A pretty bout was that between J. O'Neill and J. McHall, the latter being knocked out in the fifth round. The programme also included an exhibition bout between J. Tilburn and M. Cohen. Messrs. J. Kendall and H. Thompson acted as referees.

BOXING AT WEST HARTLEPOOL.

THE READINESS WITH WHICH the committee of the West Hartlepool Gymnasium provides silver cups for competition suggests the idea that they get 'em with pounds of tea, but one has only to examine the article in question to find it is quite genuine, and must have cost at least seven of the very best, and to annex a cup of that value for one night's work is good business, even for men at the top of their class. Although the night was not enough to keep anyone from seeking amusement inside, a crowded and respectable audience filled the Circus, Lynn Street, to witness the final competitions for the season. Scoffers may smile at the idea of a respectable audience in connection with boxing, but here we had a prosperous-looking lot of people, the majority of whom sported collars and watches, and in spite of the weather, when most people are afflicted with a thirst, not a single person was to be seen whose conduct would call for remark. At this season of the year it can scarcely be expected that any boxer, however fit, can do himself justice, consequently the two principal events of the evening did not go the length. They would have done under more favourable conditions. A few of the dissatisfied ones would have liked to have seen a little more gore spilled. However, it was certain that every man did his best, with no suspicion of Mr. Arrangement having a hand in the game, and the committee may be congratulated at the capital ending of a successful season. Mr. Alex. Adamson presented the prizes to the winners; while treasurer MacArthur's smile spoke volumes for the financial part of the show. The programme opened with an 8st competition for lads who have never won a prize, for a gold medal, the runner-up to receive a silver medal. There were seven entries, and the first round resulted in Cockfield beating J. O'Neil, the latter giving up after the first round; M'Manners beating Mottram on points; and M'Elroy beating Scurven, also on points. Wigan had a bye, which he sparred with Powell. In the second round Cockfield defeated M'Manners, and M'Elroy accounted for Wigan, and in the final won on points after a somewhat unexciting encounter. A ten rounds contest followed between P. Grant and W. Pearce, both of West Hartlepool, for a massive silver cup and the 9st 6lb championship of the town. Grant nearly had his man off his beat in the first round, but Pearce got in some telling blows in the next, and on the men facing each other for the third round Grant was soon floored. He rose gamely, but another blow sufficed to bring him again to the boards, and though he managed to rise a second time he was as quickly knocked down again. This time he was counted out, and the cup was thereupon presented to Pearce, amid much applause. The West Hartlepool Gymnasium Midgets, Joseph Hand and Patrick Hand (who made their first public appearance), having entertained the company with a three rounds exhibition spar—for which they were rewarded with a shower of coppers, lasting some minutes—the big event of the evening came off. This was a twelve rounds contest between J. Wallace, of West Hartlepool, and late of Manchester, 7st 4lb champion of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire, and J. Tait, of Newcastle, 7st 6lb champion of the North. The stake was £15 a-side, and a £15 purse given by the West Hartlepool Gymnasium. There was heavy fighting from the start, both sides going at it for all they were worth. Tait was knocked off his feet in the second round, but it soon became evident that Wallace himself had received an injury which spelt defeat for him. In the third round he could only fight with one hand, and naturally was severely punished, but he finished the round, though he declined to enter upon another. Tait was therefore declared the winner. The officials were: Chairman, Mr. Wm. Ridling; referee, Mr. A. O'Brien; timekeeper, Mr. T. Compton; M.C., Mr. Fred Watts; secretary, Mr. Isaac Carter. "Dido" Vardy, Ned Hanley, and "Spot" Hanley, and M'Donald, Nicholson, and Storer seconded Tait and Wallace respectively in the big event, and Crossley, A. Fitzpatrick, and Dodd acted in that capacity in the other contests.

JOHNNY THOMAS TO AMERICAN Boxers.—Johnny Thomas, of Leather Lane, would like to meet any second-rate American boxer between 8st 4lb and 8st 6lb, Austin Rice or Harry Forbes preferred. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be at once attended to.

ALF CAULTON, OF MANSFIELD, hearing so much talk of Charley Burton's boxing abilities, would like to box him fifteen or twenty rounds with 4oz gloves at 9st 8lb if any boxing promoter in Yorkshire or Nottinghamshire will give a suitable purse worth boxing for, and Caulton will bet Burton a fiver on the result.

JACK WALKER
MATCHED WITH
STEVE FLANAGAN.

THIS YOUTH IS NOT QUITE AS strong as the whiskey bearing his name, nor as heavy as his namesake, the celebrated pugilistic light-weight, but is so good that although only scaling about 7st 8lb in boxing shape, he has issued broadcast to British boxers a challenge to meet any English product at 8st. Whether a youth of the above poundage is equal to the best eight stonner in the States remains to be seen, but we doubt it. So many British boxers have departed from these shores to take down the number of their American compeers, and so many have failed. Fred Johnson, one of our best 8st 6lb lads, went out to take down the number of George Dixon and failed dismally. Arthur Valentine, a champion at his weight in the Old Country, failed when he went West, Billy Ernst, of Brooklyn, beating Arthur in five rounds. Our heavy and middle-weight amateur champion, Townsend (the holder of the dual title), fell an easy prey to "Kid" McCoy. What unrealisable hopes and anticipations went out with our champion pugilistic bantam, "Pedlar" Palmer, and before many of the assembled persons thought "Pedlar" and Terry McGovern had taken feelers at each other, "Pedlar" Palmer, our "*Matchless Pedlar*," had taken his dose, and in less than one round had received his quietus at the hands of the impetuous Terry. Little Mike Small, who was just about as good as Jack Walker, and very much about his weight, went to America with very bad results. We could mention many more, but we think that we have mentioned enough to show that the champion on his native heath and the champion who goes abroad often finds that by comparison with the foreigner he is champion of a very poor lot. We should be pleased to hear that little Jack Walker has proved an exception to this almost established rule. After many fruitless attempts to arrange a match from 7st 8lb to 8st, Jack Walker towards the close of last season entered the ranks of the bantam class proper, and selected as a likely opponent Harry Ware, who, however, found a more suitable engagement with "Pedlar" Palmer. Discontented with his idleness, Walker renewed his challenges to all comers at 8st for £200 a-side or upwards, and at last he has found a lad agreeable to tackle him. The acceptor of the challenge is no less a personage than the celebrated Steve Flanagan, of Philadelphia, who for skill and dexterity, it is claimed, is one of the best in the United States. The last mentioned stipulates for a contest of not less than twenty rounds at 8st, and the affair must take place on the other side of the Atlantic. Articles were drawn up and duly forwarded to Walker's backer, and these have been returned with the signature of the Paddington youth affixed, so that the match is now a pronounced fact. The contestants have agreed to box the best of twenty rounds at 8st on or before September 1 next in New York, weighing to take place at the ringside, winner to take 75 per cent. of the purse, loser 25 per cent., Walker to be allowed travelling expenses to and fro. Walker, who is delighted with the prospects of a match, has fixed up his arrangements for visiting America, and will sail in company with George Shepherd early next week. The last-mentioned will act in the capacity of manager-trainer, so that nothing will be wanting in these respects, as Shepherd, in the course of a lengthy experience, has had under his wing many of our best boxers for the past twenty years.

CITY BOXING CLUB, SHEFFIELD.—There was a moderate attendance at these rooms when young M'Neill, of Sheffield, and young Cockney, of Sheffield (late of London), met in a six rounds contest for a small side stake and a purse presented by Mr. T. Garside, the club manager. On coming together for the initial round, M'Neill set about his man in desperate fashion, the exchanges being of a very heavy nature. Before the call of time Cockney had thrice been fought down, and before going to his corner he was fought through the ropes. In the second round M'Neill again forced matters, but Cockney steadied him with a succession of well-timed lefts, and although he was again sent to the boards, he had the best of the exchanges, M'Neill being very much distressed on taking his corner. No sooner had the pair taken the centre of the ring for the third time, than M'Neill rushed at his man, but was met with a smashing right on the face, which sent his head back with a jolt. Cockney had now got the full measure of his opponent, and after fighting M'Neill all over the ring, he landed a heavy right and left on the Sheffielder's head, which put him in "Queer Street," and Cockney seeing his opportunity, put M'Neill out of time with a hard right on the jaw.

JOHNNY HUGHES v. DAVE Johnson.—A purse of £15 is offered for the above contest, to take place in Grimsby. The money will be posted at the office of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, or any other paper mutually agreed upon by the two men.

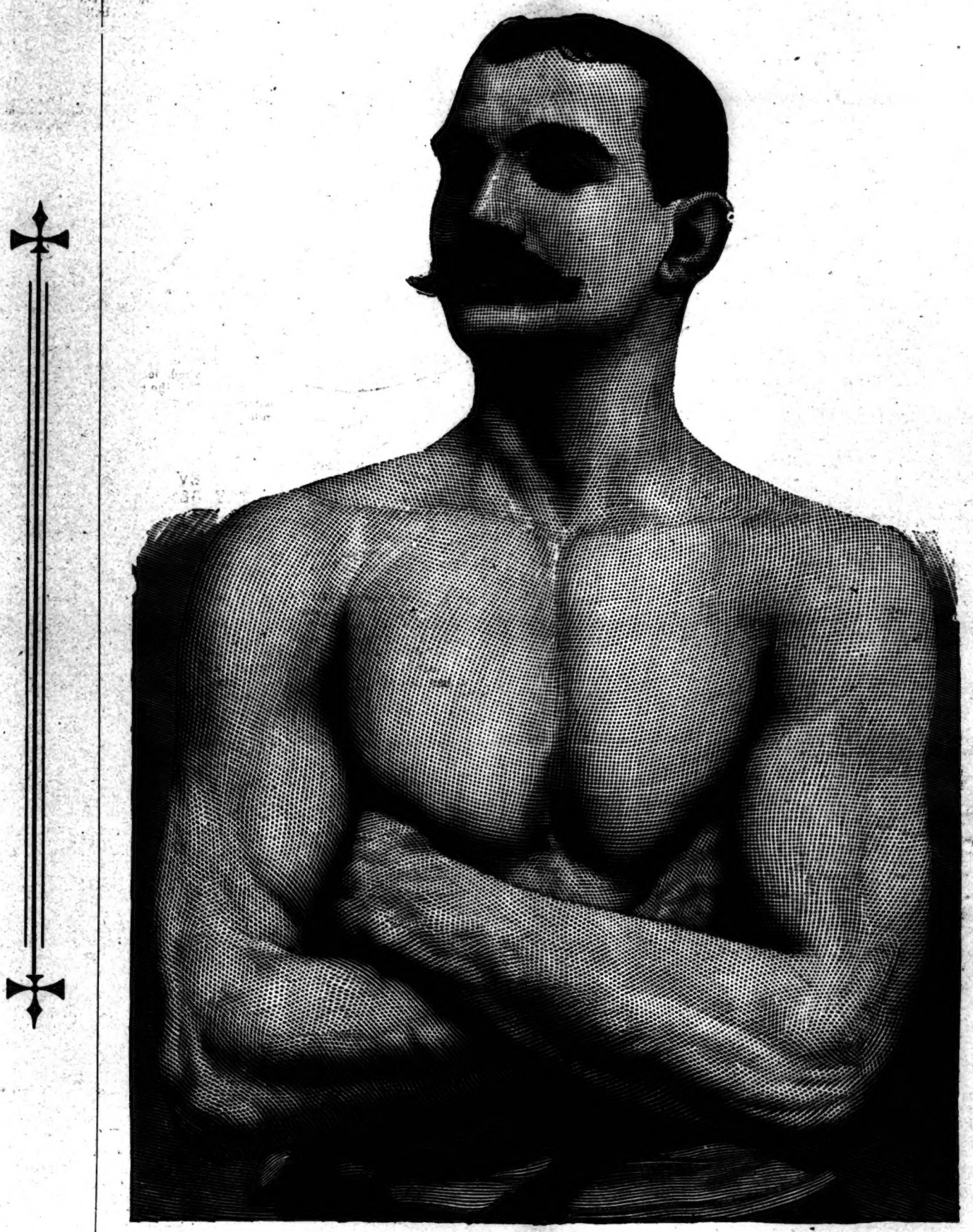
[Evidently there is a slump in big purses.—ED.]

(*Continued on page* 14.)

ARTIE TULLY,
An Australian Light-weight, who Expects to Visit England Shortly.

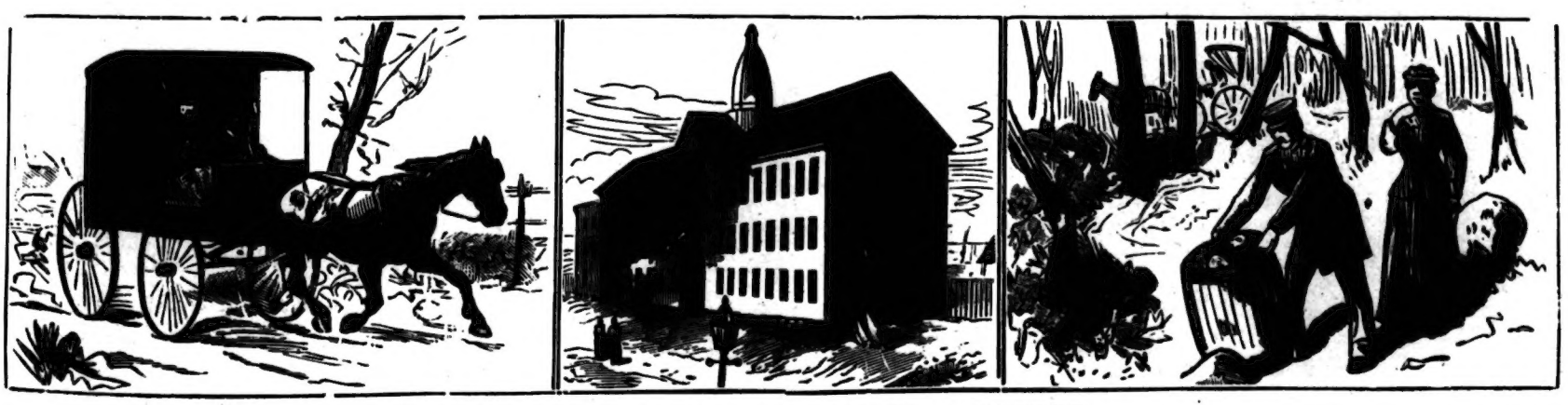
CENTRAL HOTEL,
Proprietored by Tom Fitzpatrick, the ex-Bantam Champion of England.

THE "HOKEY-POKEY" VENDOR IN TROUBLE.
The Gent from Saffron Hill Gets a "Mouse."



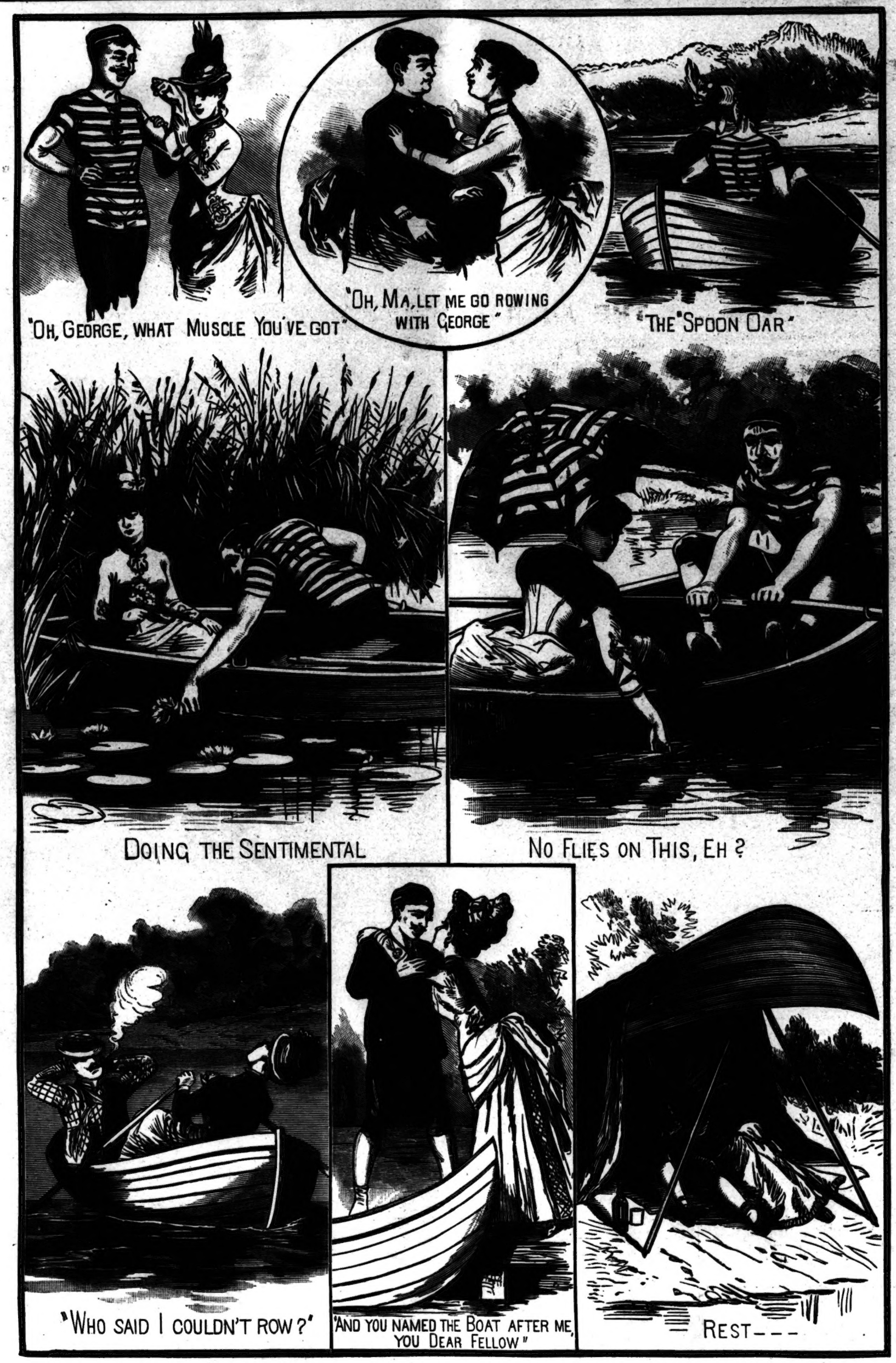
PETER MAHER,

Who Recently Defeated Steve O'Donnell, the Australian Heavy-weight, in One Round at the Broadway Athletic Club, New York City, U.S.A.



MAN AND WOMAN CONFESS TO A MURDER.

The Body is Conveyed in a Barrel, which was Found Hidden in a Wood.


"Oh, George, what Muscle You've got"
"Oh, Ma, let me go rowing with George"
"The Spoon Oar"
Doing the Sentimental
No Flies on This, Eh?
"Who said I couldn't row?"
"And you named the Boat after me, you Dear Fellow"
Rest---

A PLEASANT DAY UP THE THAMES.

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